The Senior Annual

TO OUR FORMER

STUDENTS AND TEACHERS NOW IN THE SERVICE

THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

BY CLASS OF 1918.

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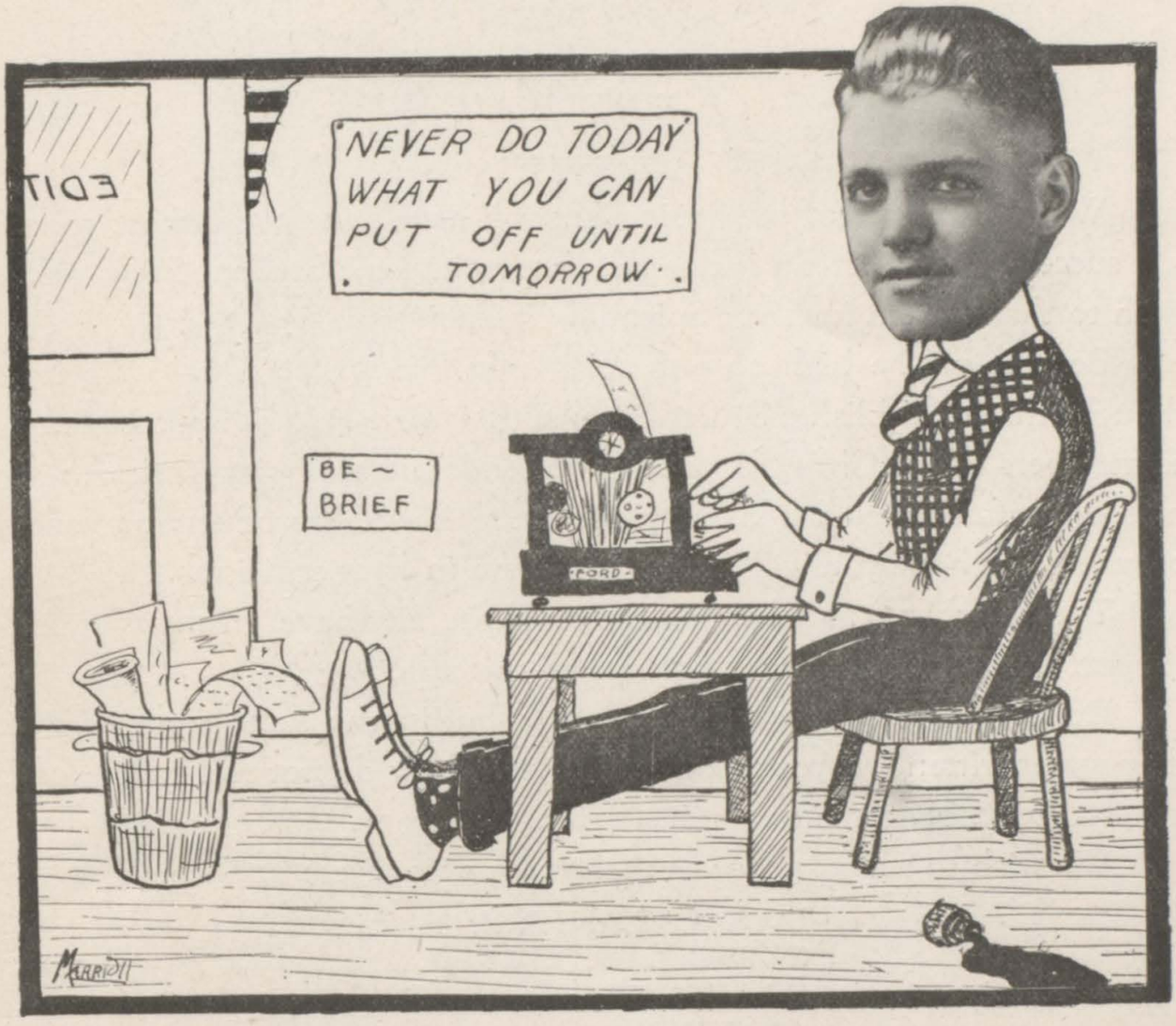

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EDITORIAL

We, the Editors of the Senior Annual, have done our utmost to make it a success. Much credit is due the Faculty and the Student Body, and we wish to thank them for their Splendid Co-operation.

Because of the high cost of everything due to the war, it was at first thought that to publish a Senior Annual this year would be impossible. But, as members of the Class '18, one of our indomitable traits is stick-to-itiveness, and after much labor, we present the finished product for your approval. We hope you will not be too harsh in your criticisms.

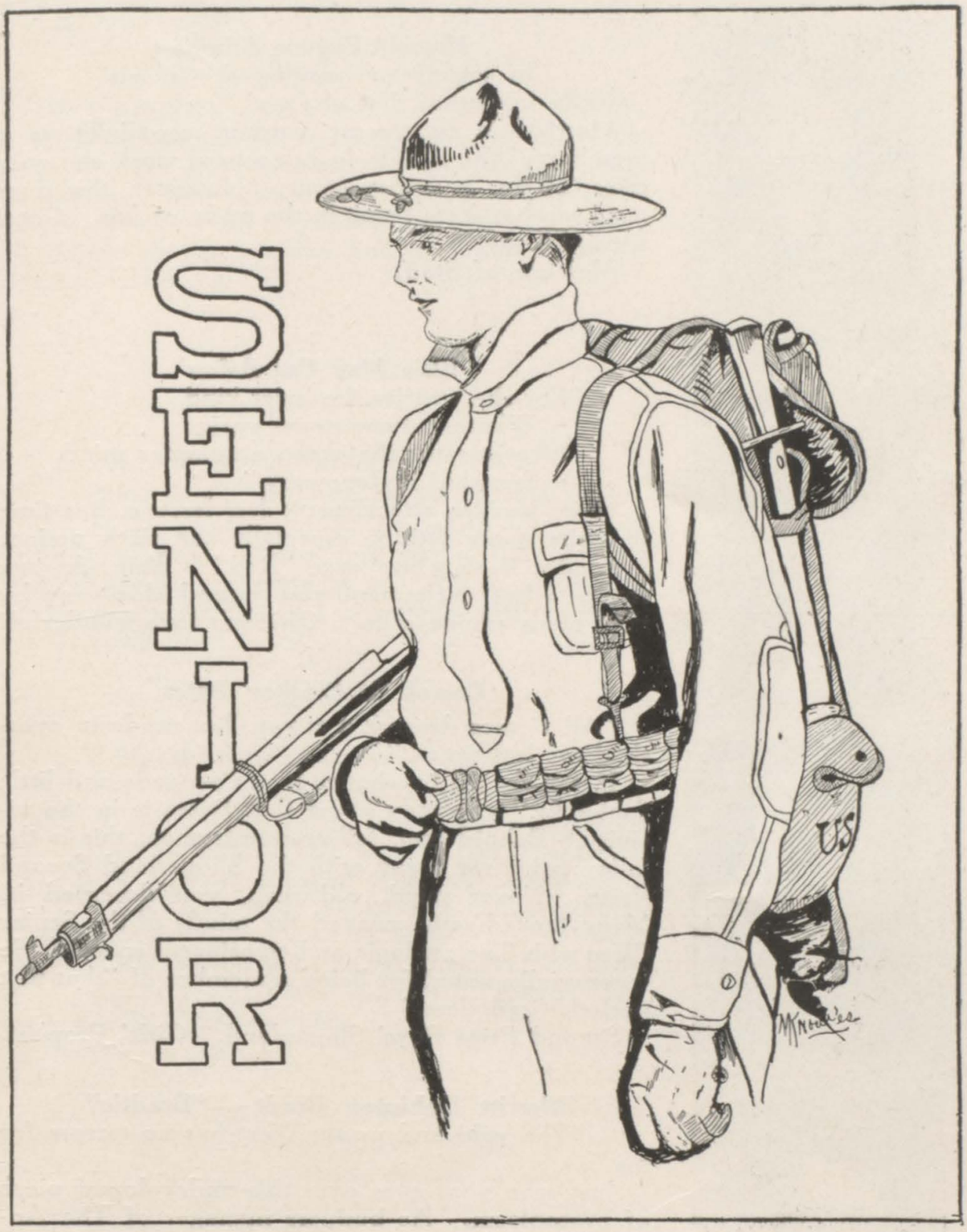
The Merchants and Business Men of the city have given us splendid support in our advertising section. Patronize them.

Do not take the jokes too seriously, but in the same spirit in which they were written. If your name does not appear do not feel badly, for the material probably came too late to print.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

JACK O' LANTERN.
CORNELL WIDOW.
ORANGE PEEL.
AWGWAN.

EDITOR AND STAFF.



Senior Class, 1918

President.....HAROLD RATHBONE
Vice President.....RUTH KINGSLEY
Secretary.....HARRIET ADAMS
Treasurer.....MERRITT BRADT

Harriett Eugene Adams

"In society or learning she excels"

Little in stature, but oh, my!

Harriett is sure some worker, especially as a member of the Staff. In her school work she goes over the top and then some. However, this does not keep her from being in the midst of fun. Good sport, I'll say.

Member of Staff.

Elsie May Cas Baker

"For she was jes the quiet kind,
Whose natures never vary;
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenowary."

Elsie, besides attending to her lessons, has time to write many letters, especially the sixth period. I wonder if they are ever "Red." Elsie, do you realize what excitement you caused this year by your many phone calls? Oh! isn't love wonderful!

Carroll McCloskey Bates

"All virtues deserve a crown, but modesty overshadoweth them all."

If you should by chance hear "ye gods and little fishhooks," you may know that Bates is in the vicinity. Behold him, fellow-countrymen, this is the fellow who ran away with the Slingerland Second Prize. Never mind, old man, you deserved it. Many times has he swayed the minds of the Senior Class with flawless logic and translucent speech. He is especially noted for being a member of "that first period Virgil class."

Second Prize Boys' Slingerland. Girls' Prophet.

Merritt DeLinton Bradt — "Bradtie"

"The wild and wooly West has no terrors for me."

Just scan your eyes over this undeveloped piece of protoplasm. As business manager of The Annual, Merritt sure is some worker. Among his remarkable remarks are: "I hooked him for an 'ad,' but he threw me over." However, he deserves much credit as a business man and has done much to make The Annual a success.

Business Manager of Annual. Treasurer of Class.

Photos by McClusky

Catherine Brodock — "Billy"

"Then she will talk, — Ye Gods how she will talk"

Billy has recently moved to the big city of Rome, so we can see more of her. We hear she is a fairy on skates! Methinks this fair damsel has many lovers. Cute? Well, ya bettcha life! A mighty good little classmate is she, and we are glad she belongs to Class '18.

Hilda Margaret Burkard — "Burkie"

"None but herself can be her parallel"

No. Hilda, couldn't flunk an exam if she tried. Lessons, however, do not take all her time, for her friends would not have it so. Look out, boys, Burkie is still looking for a perfect man, and well she deserves one.

Mabel Dorothy Carroll — "May"

"Still water runs deep"

She sure does like to take long walks, but very particular who with — Oh, Betty! Not heard very often, but can't be stopped when she gets started. Some artist! Can draw a crowd in a few minutes. Mabel is never at a loss for words in classroom. Says it isn't necessary to know something in order to talk about it. Mabel is some girl, I'll say! Men are the least of her troubles.

Member of Staff.

Alice Conley

"The silence that is in the starry sky"

Alas, poor girl, methinks you've lost your tongue, but never mind, some day it may come roaming back to thee. Friends, if you wish to learn of the future "Play Ground" in West Rome, just mention the subject to Alice, and I dare say you will not need to inquire further. She certainly has the welfare of the city at heart.

Photos by McClusky

Helen Evans — "Dutch"

"Good things don't always come in little packages."

Ah, here we have another weighty Senior. Good fun, too. Levine thinks so, doesn't he, Helen? Dutch hails from the North; around Western, you know. What would we do without her giggle? It cheers up the most solemn.

Ruth J. Evans — "Toots"

"Better late than never"

Ruth, who is that black-haired boy who trails around after you like a dog? We must confess, Ruth is a magnet among men. One of her latest hobbies is to collect "Sap." Toots is one of our brainy classmates and might have been valedictorian if there hadn't been another Ruth. Cheer up, Toots, you'll win fame somewhere.

William Harold Evans — "Deak"

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we demand your attention in presenting this long-legged toothpick. "Deak" sure is the most bashful boy (?) in our class. O, my! how he can blush. Nevertheless, he is quite a mathematic shark. In sixth period Trig. class he reached the zenith of his fame. "Deak" is also an inventor. He has invented a new carburetor for his Buick, which he claims will run with skunk oil, thereby saving gasoline for war purposes.

Gladys Mary Gifford

"When the mind is free the body is delicate"

Possessed of a cute face and one of the cutest bits of intellect in R. F. A.. Note the word "bits." The other side of the Study Hall has no attraction whatever for Gladys.

Photos by McClusky

Adelaide Gertrude Hyde — "Gertie"

"Tho' conquered she could argue still"

Lo and behold, do you all realize what we have in this two-legged piece of protoplasm? Gertie is one of our shining lights. You know you can't beat the Dutch. Hail! Hail! For Ye Campfire!

Gladys Athalie Ingalls

"Her knowledge, hid from public gaze,
She does not bring to view,
Nor make a pursuit after praise,
As many people do."

Gladys is a good faithful member of Class '18. Though not talkative she is popular and well-liked by all. Perhaps he's in France, who knows?

Adelaide Mara Jones — "Corn"

"She walks the water-like thing of life;
And seems to dare the elements to strife"

Ah, ha, the coy, amourous darling. 'Tis well that she has come, for what would we be without her laugh and her smile? Demure and gentle as she is wont to appear in photograph, she is a raging volcano when she is aroused to anger. Beware, boys, girls and others, she is quite a creature when she is on the warpath. However, Adelaide, as a composite whole, is a likeable and charming lass. Her string of victims would make an Indian warrior blush in envy. What ho, the life-boats. So long, Corn.

Ruth Seymour Kingsley — "Ruthie"

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Here is one of the brilliant students of the class. Please do not mistake my meaning; she's not a grind, but enjoys frivolity as much as anyone. Lately she has had more than the usual amount of interest in the other side of the study hall. I wonder who he is? Don't worry, "Ruthie," we'll never tell.

Valedictorian. Recitation Honor. Vice President of Class.

Photos by McClusky

Marie Louise Haas — "Mary"

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em."

Another one in our class from the "World of Brains." It must seem wonderful to have so much knowledge all at once. Marie has been a faithful member of the class and has always done her part in all our undertakings. Great things are in store for you yet, Marie.

Third Academic Honor.

Blanche Melissa Hawkins

"Genius can never despise labor"

Do you want to know the latest war news? Ask Blanche; she follows it closely, for you know, girls, she is interested. This girl is a shark in most everything. Great things may be expected from our poet.

Class Poet.

Louise Margaret Hertle

"Silence is golden"

An angelic little thing.
"She was a shrewd philospher —
And had read every text and glossover —
What e'er the crabbed'st author saith,
She understood b'implicit faith.
Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why she had a wherefore."

Fourth Academic Honor.

Lula Bell House

Believe me if giggling had anything to do with it Lula would be a wonder. She is endowed with that precious gift o' gab and can swing a good bluff, too. She can't sit still or go without a wad of gum. Indeed, what a rare combination!

Photos by McClusky

Madonna Knowles — "Donna"

"Happy am I; from care I'm free;
Why ar'n't they all contented like me?"

Donna sure has had her troubles, but still retains her good humor. Why should she bother, she'll get algebra some day. Donna not only wields the racket well, but is clever with the brush and pen.

Class Historian. Cartoonist Senior Annual Staff.

Hazel Millward Lambert — "Hee Hee"

"Then is there mirth in heaven"

Originator of the simile "flute-like laughter," Cupid has taken her heart and given it to a certain young sailor, so it is rumored. The ring? Oh, yes. Hazel is quite sure of never being an old maid, anyway. Lucky girl!

Frank Lederfiend — "Leder"

Hail to the wrestler! Frank is our all-around athlete; and take it from us, what Leder lacks in his studies he sure does make up on the wrestling mat. Woe to the man who tackles Leder. Frank is a left over, but nevertheless we are proud to have him among us, and we congratulate him on his wise choice to graduate with the class of 1918. The Best Class Yet!

Maurice Levine

"All things have a small beginning"

In this mere speck of human existence the gods have wrought great things. That's why he is a member of the staff. He was captured in some obscure place and brought to R. F. A. a little over a year ago; believe me we were lucky. He is some tickler of the typewriter and a good student, too, but if yah want ta live, don't mention mathimatics.

Assistant Business Manager.

Photos by McClusky

Bernice Dietrich Martin

"Silence is a great virtue among women."

Bernice is one of our "brightest" Seniors — one of those who have made our dear class '18 what it is. She showed what she was made of when she captured one of the academic honors. We think everybody will agree that she deserved it, too. As far as is known Bernice has nothing whatever to do with the "males," but who can tell — she may suddenly change, and then, oh boys!

Fifth Academic Honor.

Mildred Morgan

"The mildest of manners, and the gentlest of hearts"

The Class of '18 has an advantage over all other classes in R. F. A. It has Mildred as one of its members. She is so quiet that you wouldn't know she was near, but when it comes to lessons, — watch out, or she "will put one over on you." As far as we know, she is not interested to the slightest degree in the western division of the Study Hall.

Phyllis Rose Mittenmaier — "Phyl"

"She has spoken wise sayings that might have issued from the mouth of an oracle."

Here is Phyllis, but it's too bad Lillian isn't here, too. You know they are quite chums. Say, but she can talk. She holds the record for having her name taken the most times during study periods. Just the same we hate to loose her. She is a good student, a jolly good friend and an excellent fellow-classmate. She is justly deserving of the title R. F. A., Class '18.

Member of Wiggler and Giggler Association.

Rose Louise Peters — "Posy"

She is so tall that a little goes a long ways. Rose seldom glances at the opposite side of the room, but perhaps there are attractions elsewhere. In Ohio, perhaps. How about it, Rose? She always has her lessons and can always recite.

Photos by McClusky

Willard Racha

"What manner of man is this?"

When it comes to blushing, Willard has the art down to perfection. "He is always at it." Never mind, this is the mighty man from Westernville. It has been said that he can induce a weed to give up all worldly struggles by pure force of argument. He is an undaunted explorer into the dim dark recesses of knowledge, and has the makings of a politician. His motto is better late than never.

Evelyn Wellington Randolph — "Ev"

Evelyn has not been with us very much this year, but we are mighty glad she is graduating along with us. She's big in stature and big in heart. She can drive a Dodge, too.

Harold Arthur Rathbone

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood there is no such word as fail."

Hush! The stern, prim youth, whose exact likeness appears opposite, is our President. We must not wax frivolous when dealing with his biography. He is a fiend at studying, and it is a common and regular sight to see him wending his intelligent way home, laden with a whole library for an evening's session.

Member Editorial Staff. President of the Class of 1918. Oratorical Honor. Sixth Academic Honor.

Harry Franklin Rice — "Pud"

"To be a well-favored man is a gift of fortune"

In this exhibit we offer for your inspection, and perhaps your approval, the graceful editor of this book. Besides his rare ingenious ability in journalism, he is a prize-winner and a public orator, and his uncanny manner of boldly facing (any and) all kinds of audiences and faces is something to behold. He is a motorist of a tenacious nature, and drives an ancient Allen exclusively. He frequently invades foreign territory for new feminine hearts to capture. So you see, Harry Franklin is some boy, even if he is our editor and society man.

Editor-in-Chief of Senior Annual. Winner first prize Slingerland Prize Contest.

Photos by McClusky

Helena Roth

"And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon."

Here is one of the patriotic members of our class, who condescended to leave our society this spring in order to do her bit on the farm. Now we may all be sure of not starving next winter. Did you ever see Helena without Myrick? No, you never did, for it simply could not be.

Earl Scothon — "Scothie"

"Here is the praise that comes to but few;
Ever in earnest and all true blue."

Anyone here want to play chess? Yes, chess is Scothie's most favoriate game, and take it from us he is some shark at it. And when it comes to translating Virgil, — well, we must all take a back seat. He has been a typical student who has never had time to fool with the gentle sex; yet we hear that Scothie likes his "Piano Mover," — we wonder who she may be. His motto is "Work before play," and he has lived up to this since we have known him.

G. Alexander Simon — "Count"

Well, well, look who's here. Just cast your orbits closer at this piece of humanity and mark those blue eyes and curly hair — and they are real curls at that. Alex's hobby is to contradict the marks which the teachers give him — but cheer up, Alex, the days are coming when those brutal teachers will no longer torment you. Alex is steering for the automobile business, and we understand that he is going to sell steam automobiles. Well, here's wishing Alex the best of luck.

William Albert Ernest Tietze — "Bill"

"I'll reach my goal or die in the attempt"

This is the honorable Major Bowlegged Mike, who gave us such an excellent talk about his experiences in the war. Some say Bill is engaged to a sweet little girl in town, but, no, this is impossible. He doesn't like the females at all! ! ! In addition to his long list of accomplishments we might add the fact that he has worked hard getting snapshots and other photos for The Annual. When he grows up Bill intends to be a dentist, so save your teeth and let him pull 'em.

Member of Staff.

Photos by McClusky

Beatrice Louise Townsend — "Beaty"

"She was a burning and shining light"
"Let the upper lights be burning"

Here is one of our "brightest" Seniors. The girl's clever, you can't beat it. Beaty has lately developed a fondness for Welsh mortorcycles; they run so smoothly. Beaty claims it isn't good for one to study too hard and practices her theory, but she gets there just the same.

Member of Editorial Staff.

H. Ward Tyler — "Red"

"And he had the strength of a young calf and the wisdom of Soloman."

No matter how dark the night Ward's headlight is never dimmed. Indeed, he is the shining light of our dear old Class '18. He is that patient, profound, passive, pleasing personality that one can't help but admire. He is a valuable member of the staff, of the class and of our dear old R. F. A.

Member of the Staff.

Bernice Katharine Van Arnam — "Dit"

"Our thoughts and our conduct are our own"

She has never given anyone much trouble, but that is not saying she never will, for you all know how it sparkles. Bernice is keen on walking; why not. One has to get home somehow.

Dorothy Elenor Waldo — "Dot"

"When good looks and a good personality walk hand in hand."

Yes, here she is, gentle reader, "the most noble Grecian of them all." She has the record of throwing over more men and getting them back again than any girl on the face of the globe. Anyway, Dot is a good sport and is liked by everyone. Well, here's to a happy future, Dot.

Winner second prize, girls, Slingerland. Member Editorial Staff.

Photos by McClusky

Margaret Luella Wallis — "Peg"

"St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door."

Who will Peg be out with next? That is a question with no answer, although lately she has centered her attention on one fortunate male, and I don't "Blamer." Peg seems to have better luck with the opposite sex than she does with geometry. But never mind, there is always some bad in the best of us.

Winner of 2nd Prize in Slingerland in '17. Member of Staff.

Dorothy Karleen Walter — "Dot"

"And the words that issued from her mouth were brilliant (?) like the stars and as sharp as a knife."

During our four years stay in R. F. A. Dorothy has graced the Class of 1918 by her presence. She is surely a valuable member of that remarkable organization. She can pull a bluff over and get away with it pretty smoothly. As far as we can see there isn't a fellow in R. F. A. that will suit her.

Lillian Adelaide Wood — "Lil"

"Fair, kind and true have often lived alone, which three, till now never kept seat in one."

A slight romance has affected this fair damsel lately. Who would have thought that Cupid would have touched thee? However, Lillian showed that she was made of the right kind of stuff when she ran away with the girls' first Slingerland prize.

She is a member of the Wiggler and Giggler Association. Slingerland Prize. Honorable mention Mohawk Valley Speaking Contest.

In Memoriam

Michael MacMahon

When the hand of death swept from our midst our beloved friend and President, Michael MacMahon, the Class of 1918 suffered a loss which can never be replaced. He was prominent in every phase of school life. Whether in the class room, upon the athletic field or in society, he played his role well. Now that he is gone from us forever we shall always have a warm spot in our hearts for the memory of our own dear friend and President.

Photos by McClusky

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

In the year 1914 my companions and I, a group of adventuresome boys and girls, having safely escaped the horrible sea monster "Regents," boarded the good ship "Opportunity" and set sail for the island of R. F. A.

The voyage was a pleasant one without squalls or gales; the future loomed up before us with wonderous brilliance. All during the voyage we eagerly discussed this new land where we might exercise what knowledge we had already gained. After a voyage of about two months one of my companions discovered, way off in the distance, the dim outline of a rugged coast. As we drew near we saw that we had at last reached our destination. We disembarked from the ship amid the tremendous cheers of the inhabitants, who even at that early date recognized our superior ability. We were escorted to the palace with great ceremony by the natives, and then came the most dreaded ordeal of all — the interview with the ruler. After this interview, whatever feeling of superiority we had possessed was subdued. Here we discovered that we must become subjects to a native government, governed by a tyranical king, until we gained sufficient knowledge to govern ourselves. Soon we were given our place on the island and discovered to our amazement that our group had been given a name, "Freshmen," by these strange people.

Our early history might be compared to the period of the dark ages. We surely were in the dark when it came to understanding the natives. They all had a peculiar craving for singing and dancing and took great pleasure in teaching us to become skilled in these arts. We stood in great awe of the ruler, but in more fear of those associated with the government. These were men and women of varied character, whose one delight consisted in telling us how very little we knew.

From what I have told you of our history you must know that we were subject to great humiliations. As it was natural, we resented this, and we were determined to show these haughty people that we were Freshmen of more spirit and courage than had ever before landed on the island. Our first victory was the winning of the Indoor Track Prize. This was quickly followed by many others.

The next period in our history was the period of Rebellion. We had bade farewell to that unpleasant name Freshmen and received the more honored one of Sophomores.

As Sophomores we were truly prodigies. With the same spirit that moved our forefathers to rebell, we held a meeting and decided that hereafter we should be consulted on all affairs relating to R. F. A. After this period there was a final settling up of all difficulties and peace and joy reigned supreme.

As a part of the government of the island we underwent a distinct change. From frivilous Sophomores we developed into grave and scholarly Juniors. Many of my fellow-classmates, full of the restlessness of youth, left R. F. A. to take their place in the outside world. But what we had lost in numbers we amply made up for in spirit. We gradually became merged into one great brotherhood, all striving for one goal — Success!

We were also prominent in the social life of the island. And during our Junior year we gave a Prom, which will go down in history as the most successful Prom ever given in R. F. A.

As last year's Juniors we have now become the present Senior Class. We have at last obtained the final success toward which all our efforts have been directed. Already this last year has been made a memorable one. Our class was ably represented in the Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest. In this contest my fellow-classmates won all four prizes awarded. As Senors we continued to be the social leaders of the island. We gave a Senior sleighride, which added one more important date to our history.

During this last year whatever feeling of awe or fear we had felt toward the ruler and those associated with the government has given away to a new feeling of esteem and reverence. We saw in them, not autocratic commanders working against us, but friends working for our interests. They helped to broaden our minds and develope our individual talents.

By the influence of these people there has developed among my classmates a variety of tastes and inclinations to such an extent that when the last day comes, instead of leaving on the same ship, some of us will embark on one ship, some on another. Some of us will sail on to the land of business, some to a land of higher education, but wherever we go, success will follow us, for we have been well prepared to be victorious in the battles of Life.

M. K., '18.

ACADEMIC HONORS, 1918

First Honor (Valedictory) . . . . . Ruth Seymour Kingsley
Class Average 93.49. Examination Average 92.93. Final 93.21

Second Honor (Salutatory) . . . . . Adelaide Gertrude Hyde
Class 91.62. Examination 89.25. Final 90.43

Third Honor . . . . . Marie Louise Haas
Class 91.52. Examination 83.44. Final 87.48

Fourth Honor . . . . . Louise Margaret Hertel
Class 88.43. Examination 86.16. Final 87.30

Fifth Honor . . . . . Bernice Dietrich Martin
Class 89.90. Examination 83.64. Final 86.77

Sixth Honor . . . . . Harold Arthur Rathbone
Class 90.86. Examination 81.55. Final 86.20

Recitation Honor . . . . . Ruth Seymour Kingsley
Final Average 92.84

Oratorical Honor . . . . . Harold Arthur Rathbone
Final Average 92

SENIOR SLEIGHRIDE

The wind sung around the corners of the High School building. Big grey and white masses of clouds rolled over each other in the northern sky. Snow fell lightly — large, white flakes floated gently to the ground.

Out from beneath a cover of blankets in one of the loads, one Harold Rathbone, emerged and was seen for a second and then ducking back hid his identity.

He was looking for an extra sleigh which might transport the unfortunate left-overs to the gay village of Westernville. As the time was fleeting fast our worthy President deemed it wiser to start for Liberty Hall and let the others get there best they could.

Our ride to Westernville, with one exception, was enjoyed by all. The one exception, however, was blamed upon the first team, which evidently could not keep in the road, and attempted to swim through the drifts of snow toward Lake Delta.

However, after a long and tedious process, the horses were helped into the road again and we proceeded on our way.

Prof. Roberts was in a very gay state of mind (as he usually is) and when he was not singing some favoriate college song he was very forcibly expounding the arguments for having moving picture houses open on Sunday. "Murry" Willson and "Sarah" Stocking performed the dull duties of chaperones, and from what I heard and saw, they were kept busy, but did not fall short of their task.

At last our destination, Liberty Hall, was reached and everyone piled out. Rathbone, Rice and Bradt got their first, however, and saw to it that no one entered without first giving an account of himself. The bunch then adjourned to the room above and the orchestra started in on some of that 'ar jazz music (the kind that makes you dance), and each and every one went to it. During the dancing Adelaide Jones dropped a stitch and everybody stopped dancing to look for it. After a short search Harold Rathbone, who was 'er a talking to Lillian Wood in an obscure corner of the hall, discovered it, and in order to make it known he had to reveal his own identity, which spoiled his pleasure, for a time at least.

About 11:30 the last load of left-overs straggled in and after happy greetings were exchanged dancing was resumed till midnight. Probably no one would have thought of adjourning to the dining room below, if Morris Levine had not suddenly poped out of no where and made the frank statement that he had gone without dinner and lunch at home just so he could fill up on this occasion. This was enough, together with the announcement by Adelaide Jones and Clay Aldridge, chefs and dish washer respectively, that everything was in readiness for the feast, to start a rush for the dining room. And those eats — Oh, boy! — never in the history of Senior sleighrides had there ever been such a bountiful feed as was awaiting their eager eyes, and stomachs, too.

The chef, assisted by Ruth Kingsley, had coffee on sale for a nickle a cup, which aided considerably in clearing expenses. After the enjoyable repast the merry folks resumed dancing with renewed vigor. Every other dance moonlight, which was taken advantage of by all, especially by Rathbone, who was seen attempting a camouflaged loving party, but was caught by "Murry"

Willson, who insisted that he keep close to her the remainder of the evening. Old times were then revived and the Tommy Tucker and Virginia Reel were called off, after which the crowd in general, but the chaperones in particular, thought the time had come to depart for the big city. So the merry throng collected themselves together as best they could and made for the sleighs, all anxious for a comfortable seat.

The homeward trip was quite uneventful. Everyone snuggled down under the blankets, which were poor protection against the disagreeable rain and sleet. Many departed into the land of slumber only to be awakened by the shrill call of the driver that we had at last reached Rome. So ended that eventful night, one which will never be forgotten.

They approached from either side. Not a word was spoken. Not a sight was heard. No one in the room stirred. She was blushing prettily, and was as red as a rose. He was as pale as death, or the chalk cliffs of England. Slower and slower they advanced. Now only a little distance separated them. Will they never reach each other? They approach. They brush, one against the other. They kiss. And slowly they continue their separate courses. Alas, they are only billiard balls!

No Longer Blind

Peg Wallis:

"I love my love in zebra hose,
In purple veil she's grand;
But oh, my love in soiled white spats,
Is more than I can stand."

It's better to aim at something and miss it than to aim at nothing and hit it.

In Exams — A word on the cuff is worth two in the book.

Every man is occasionally what he ought to be perpetually.

A Real Sport

Judge — Ten years for burglarizing a house. Have you anything to say for yourself?

Gambling George — Sure, you shake the dice to see whether we make it twenty years or nothing.

"More than 5,000 elephants a year go to make our piano keys," remarked the student boarder, who had been reading a patent medicine almanac.

"For the land's sake," exclaimed the landlady. Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do."

First Girl — Women always contradict one another.

Second Girl — They do not.

"Pa, will you give me a good licking right now?"

"Why this, Lemuel?"

"I'm going to sneak off and go swimming, and I don't want to be bothered with a future."

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp to the tourist. "I bathed in the spring of '86."

CLASS POEM
The Good Ship Hope

Out from the port of the Grammar School,
  A ship set sail one day;
In the month of September, the year '14,
  The ship of Hope, with its cargo gay.

A party of explorers
  Sailed on the good ship Hope;
Which with sails unfurled set out to sea
  For the land of knowledge and days to be.

They sailed down the river of Youthful Hope,
  Which leads to Ambition Sea;
The water ran smooth the first days out,
  And as calm as calm could be.

They sailed on thus, two years or more,
The Islands of Education,
  And explored to their hearts content
  And came away content.

But along the course which now they ran,
  Huge rocks loomed into sight;
Rocks of Discouragement mountain-high,
  As dark as blackest night.

The explorers were brave while a storm arose,
  And though the waves were high,
Threatening to wash them overboard,
  They said, "We'll win or die."

"The captain is brave as well as kind,
  He'll see us safely through;
And the ship is manned with a noble crew,
  Efficient to dare and do."

Straightway the captain changed their course,
  They scarcely felt the shock
As they sailed ahead o'er the ocean wide
  They had passed Discouragement Rock.

A group of islands now lie ahead,
  Innocent to the sight;
But to land and gain admittance
  Each one would have to fight.

The isles were closely guarded
  On north, east, south and west
By a several-headed dragon
  Called English at its best.

One isle was Composition,
  One English Grammar Revised;
While Algebra, Latin and German lay
  Before their wondering eyes.

With the sword of Perseverance,
  The dragon then they slew;
And explored the isles to their greatest depth,
  They searched them through and through.

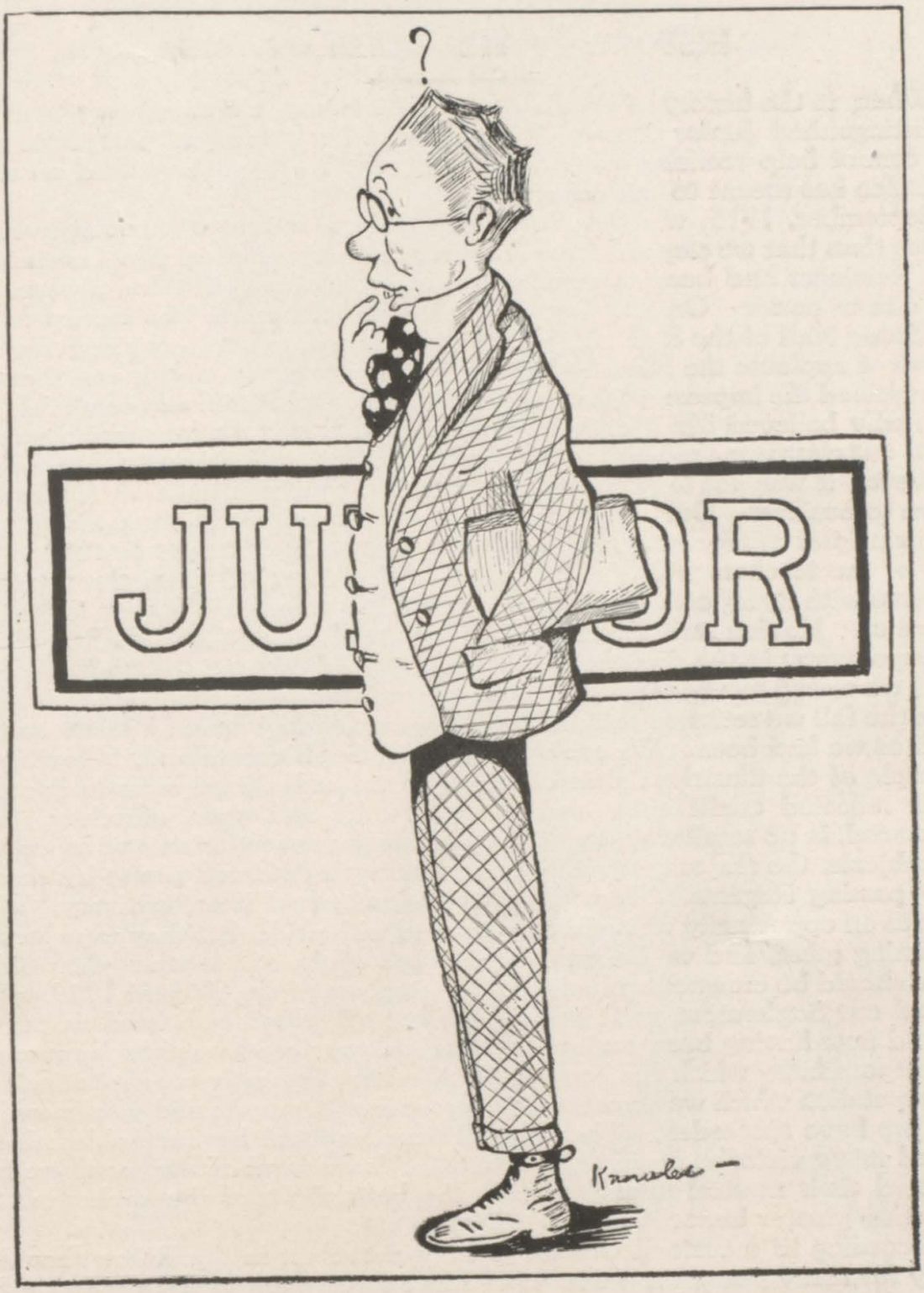
Victorious at last and satisfied
  With the treasures they had won,
The ship set sail for the journey home
  Toward the rising sun.

Their voyage home, I need not describe,
  But simply let me say
That they anchored safely in 1918
  On Graduation Day.

B. M. H., '18.

LATEST BOOKS

Over the Top . . . . . Graduating
Under Fire . . . . . Regents' Week
To Have and to Hold . . . . . Diplomas
Pebbles on the Shore . . . . . Freshmen
Current History . . . . . Senior Gossip
Tale of Two Cities . . . . . History of Rome and U. T. K.
The Harvester . . . . . Fred Brush
A Person of Some Importance . . . . . Miss Harp
Weaver of Dreams . . . . . Dorothy Waldo
Motor Girls . . . . . Winifred Rowland, Evelyn Randolph, Marjorie Stevens
House of Whispers . . . . . The Staff
Uphill Climb . . . . . To Get 72 Counts
Crisis . . . . . Exams
Winter Sunshine . . . . . Xmas Vacation
Twice Told Tales . . . . . Excuses
Innocence Abroad . . . . . Juniors in Senior Cloak Room
Prisoners of Hope . . . . . Freshmen Before Reports
Les Miserables . . . . . Freshmen After Reports



Juniors, 1919

President . . . . . DONALD BARNARD
Vice President . . . . . MATILDA HART
Secretary . . . . . JOSEPH RUBY
Treasurer . . . . . PRICILLA BEACH

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

When, in the history of the Rome Free Academy, has there ever been such a distinguished Junior Class? As we glance back into the past three years we cannot help realizing what a great benefit we have been and what our presence has meant to this school.

September, 1915, was the most memorable month of our young lives, for it was then that we stepped forth from the fatherly wings of Mr. Lowerre and Mr. Barringer and became members of the school which it has always been our aim to honor. On that first day, when our trembling legs carried us into the Study Hall of the R. F. A., we were welcomed, much to our surprise, with bursts of applause the like of which we had never heard, and it was then that we received the impression that we weren't quite so insignificant as we felt, and we really believed Mr. Harris when he said that this demonstration was because our class was the best looking one which had ever entered the Academy. However, it was not long before we knew our proper place and had buckled down to business. During our Freshmen year we earnestly struggled to grasp the principles of algebra, Latin, etc., and at the same time we astonished several of the teachers with our brilliance. We immerged from the terrors of Regents with flying colors and soon our older brothers and sisters deigned to notice us. Having satisfactorily completed our first year in High School, and perhaps happy in the thought that we had passed through the trials of Freshmen, we closed our books and looked forward to a long vacation.

In the fall we returned to school still very eager to learn, but not quite so fresh as we had been. We took our place as Sophomores and, following the example of the illustrious class of 1918, as we had always secretly done, we again reflected credit upon our beloved school and upon ourselves. And influenced, in no small way, by the lectures upon concentration and other helpful subjects, the majority of us again earned well deserved praise by successfully passing Regents. Heretofore our athletes had been ordinary, but as soon as an opportunity was offered we noted with pride that they were steadily becoming great, and we began to see visions of the future when dear old R. F. A. should be crowned with victory by members of the Class of 1919. Thus passed our Sophomore year, uneventful, but still filled with hard work.

And now having been Juniors for nearly a year, we have fully appreciated the responsibility which has been ours. We have earnestly sought to maintain the reputation which we acquired during our first two years and you know how well we have succeeded. The football team, assisted by our noble athletes, scored many victories against the enemy. Also several of our members have devoted their musical talents toward the betterment of the orchestra, thus reflecting greater honor upon our class.

According to a custom, which has been prevalent in the Rome Free Academy for many years, the Junior class gives a reception to the departing Seniors. Contrary to this custom, the Class of 1919, feeling that such a reception ought not to be held when there was so much suffering and sorrow in the world caused by war, voted by a large majority to omit the Prom for this year. We were sorry, indeed, to break this custom, but I believe that the Seniors agree with us when we say that we would have been slackers had we done otherwise.

As our Junior year draws to a close we realize that we shall soon be dignified Seniors. Ah! soon to be dignified Seniors. Ah! how long have we aspired to that lofty height! And to be worthy of this high position we have only to follow the path which we have been traveling in and which we know will lead to success. We are confident that we can and will always uphold the honor of dear old R. F. A. at least as well as the Class of 1918, and, perhaps, even better, who knows?

R. C. F., 19.

OUR FACULTY

Our faculty has made us smart,
  Inspired our hopes and aims;
And now that we are to depart,
For that queer feeling round the heart
  We hold them part to blame.

There's Angell whom we all hold dear,
Miss Bibbins who affords much cheer.
Miss Seely strives to make us grow,
Miss Hall does everything just so.
Miss Spear with algebra does her best,
And knows Prof. Harris will do the rest.
Miss Harp is always very busy,
And brings first aid to whom are dizzy.
There's Miss McFerren makes us reason,
Even in the summer season.
Miss Dudley keeps us aiming high,
While most of us pull seventy-five.
Miss Norse and Peterson command,
And have us make our lungs expand.
Yes, Miss MacFarland banishes sorrow,
While Miss Stocking brightens the morrow.
Miss Foote, Miss Wilson have their share,
Which is surely only just and fair.
Miss Cooney and Mrs. Banks
Hold the records for rooms so neat,
And Kircher with the hammer can't be beat.

A splendid list I must confess,
  But still there's one not named before;
Nor do we love the rest the less,
  But dear Miss Higham all the more.

M. D. C.

Knit, knit, knit,
On the streets and cars, O gee!
And I would that I had a button
Left on the clothes of me!

I had a khake colored dog,
You'd see at just one glance
That when he got quite out of breath
Why, he had khaki pants!

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Booze is high and sugar scarce,
Don't you understand?

A veteran poured a glass of rye,
I thought he never would stop;
But no, he poured and he poured and said:
"Ah, well, here's over the top!"

She — Will you buy me that handkerchief; it's only $3?
He — No, that's too much to blow in!

"And he was going so fast that he was unable to tell whether the pants behind him were his own or the dog's."

There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
Is a saying of wide fame,
But there's nothing slips 'twixt lip and lip
When playing the loving game.

"We're too late. The car's just gone up the hill."
"How do you know?"
"I see the tracks."

Said Miss Harp to Miss Angell:
"You have broken my strings."
Said Miss Angell to Miss Harp:
"I don't do such things."

Sing a song of Europe,
Highly civilized;
Two and twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.
When the battles open,
The bullets start to sing;
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any king?
The kings are in the backgrounds
Issuing commands,
The queens are in the parlor
Per etiquettes demands;
The bankers in the counting house
Are busy multiplying,
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying.

You are known by the company you keep out of as well as by the company you cannot get into.

Kindly excuse this digression,
But we give favor to this concession;
Teachers and the whole procession
As well as students want a single cession.

Editor's Note — I wish to state that the author of the above lines holds a poetic license.

A Fine Cure for Love

Take two quarts of spirits, twelve ounces of dislikes, one pound of resolution, two ounces of the power of experience, one large sprig of time and one quart cooling water of consideration. Set them on the gentle fire of love. Sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfullness. Skim it with the spoon of meloncholy. Put it in the bottom of your heart. Cook it with a sound conscience and then let it remain, and you will instantly find ease and be restored to your right senses again. These things are to be found at the apothecary's at the house of understanding, next door to reason, in Prudent street, in the parish of contentment.

Sophomores, 1920

President.....EDWARD BARNARD
Vice President.....ELIZABETH MACADAM
Secretary.....RUTH CARR
Treasurer.....MADISON JACKSON

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920

From the very first time we, the Class of 1920, entered the Study Hall, which was on a Wednesday morning, we became aware of the fact that we were the class whose presence had been looked for. And thus it fell our lot to bring new life to dear old R. F. A.

At Christmas time, in the year 1916, we responded to the carrying out of an old-time custom, that of decorating the Study Hall. This we did in a pleasing manner, which won the admiration of all who had previously participated in carrying out this custom.

"Patriotism," a word which rings throughout the world in time of war, in this our Sophomore Year, has been our idealism. We have given generously to the Belgium Relief Fund, subscribed for Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps, and have not fell short either in giving money or in supplying workers for the Red Cross.

We now eagerly await the time when we, ever successful in our attempts, shall assume the duties of Juniors, taking as our standard the memorable work accomplished by Class '18.

R. A. C.

Cupid's Cuisine

Souffle — A frothy sweet light as nothing compound of soft words and honeyed kisses mixed by moonlight and served by twos.

Frosting — A cold, white covering, composed of kind words and farewell hand-shakes, spread upon a cake that has suddenly become all dough.

Stew — Occasioned by finance being discovered tete-a-tete with supposedly discarded sweetheart.

Goulash — An old fusser's dish, composed of remnants of various love affairs, warmed up and served with a sauce of "Just-as-young-as-I-used-to-be."

Roast — Take a bit of jealousy, let it simmer for a few days; then heat it suddenly with a hot word or two until it turns brown.

Hash — Trifling hand squeezers, idle glances, vagrant smiles and misinterpreted words, with bits of between the lines from formal letters, served on crusty words.

Tart — Acidulated affection all chopped together and baked dry.

Doughnut — A flirtation with nothing in it.

A Scottish countrywoman was taking her son to the school for the first time and, after impressing the schoolmaster with the necessity of the boy having a thoroughly good education, she finished up by saying:

"Be sure he learns Latin."

"But, my dear lady," said the schoolmaster, "Latin is a dead language."

"So much the better," replied the woman. "Ye ken, he's goin' be an undertaker."

"Say, waiter, what's the matter? This coffee tastes awfully muddy?"

"Well, you see it was ground this morning!"

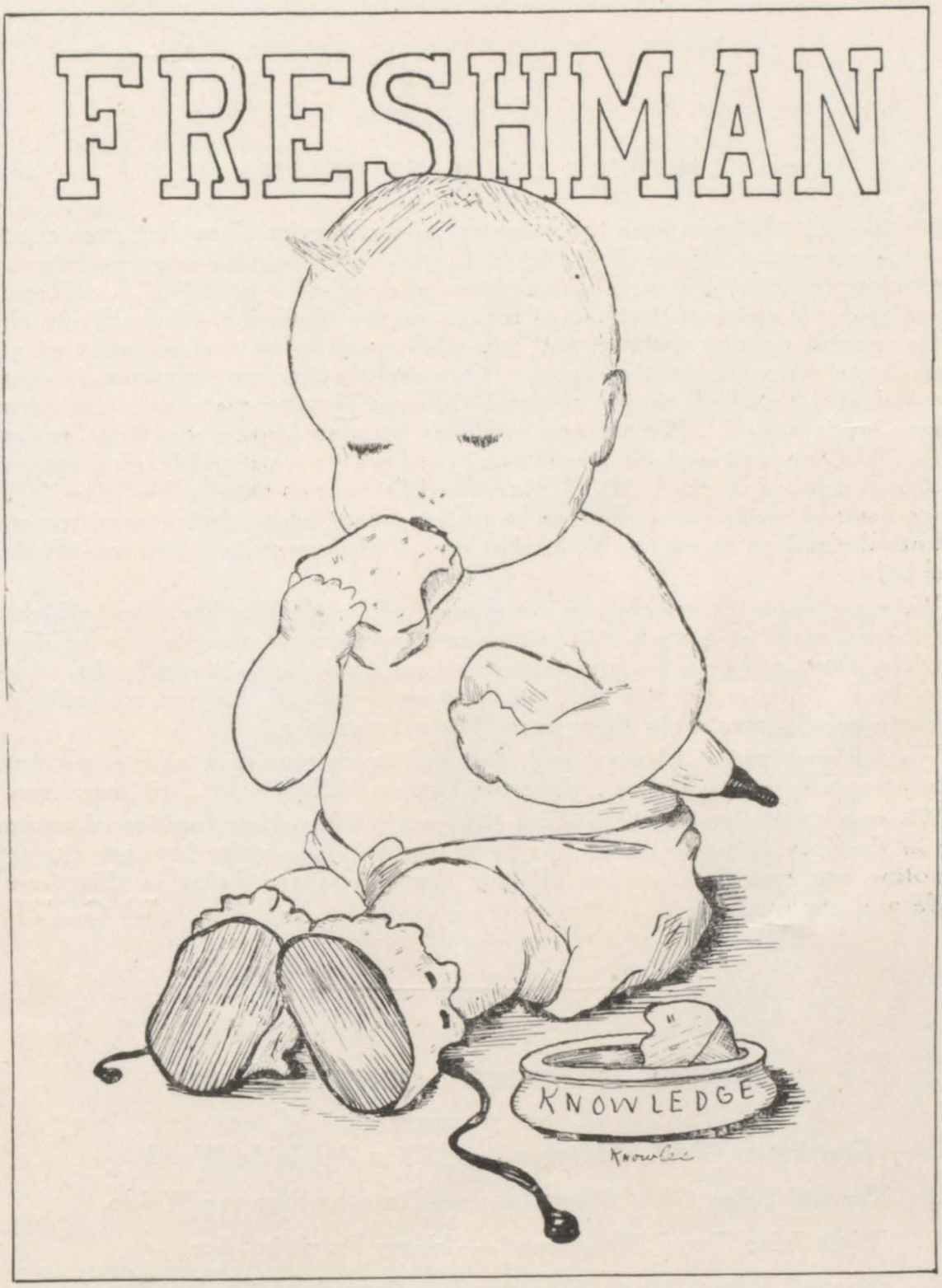
"Did you know that I have had my pictures taken?"

"Got the proofs?"

"Nope, you'll have to take my word for it."

Jane — Every one of my beaux is named Billy.

Liz — Gee, you're a regular bill collector are't you?



Freshman, 1921

President.....WILLIAM GAGE
Vice President.....ELENOR STALEY
Secretary.....ELOISE BRADT
Treasurer.....FREDERICK MARKS

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1921

We thought that we were the brightest and cleverest class that ever entered the glorious portals of the dear old R. F. A.. Our opinion was confirmed by our being received by such a tumultous and effusive greeting as we strode proudly up the aisles of that cell of torture on the second floor, the Study Hall. After receiving many a shove and trip while passing up that gauntlet of grinning Sophs we were finally seated. Our slightly confuser manner, however, was quickly dispelled as we realized that our brightness was, to a certain degree, appreciated. We sat as straight as wooden images and kept our eyes and minds concentrated on whom we heard was a most noble gladiator, the historical man of R. F. A., Prof. Harris, while he was casting his "line." But as we listened we became dubious as to the extent of our brightness, but were not at all abashed as we felt that what our predecessors had accomplished we could also.

We were soon introduced to the studies of Latin, Algebra, etc., which, to our minds, were of a most colossal nature, and which were in nowise diminished by the jeerings and repeated sarcasisms of those brilliant Sophs. However, let it be to our credit that we have since passed the line of doubt and are successfully mastering these most intricate studies.

We felt very much pleased and flattered upon receiving so many compliments for our very artistically decorated study hall during Christmas time.

We regretted very much the fact that we had no opportunities of competing in the line of athletics as has been done in the past, but are sincerely devoting our energies to what all true Americans are doing in this time of strife and sorrow.

W. G., '21.

WINNERS IN SCHOOL CONTESTS, 1918

First Prize, Girls' Slingerland — Lillian Adelaide Wood

Second Prize, Girls' Slingerland — Dorothy Eleanor Waldo

First Prize, Boys' Slingerland — Harry Franklin Rice

Second Prize, Boys' Slingerland — Carroll McClosky Bates

Davis Essay, 1917 — Harold Arthur Rathbone

PATRIOTISM

NOT OUR BIT BUT OUR BEST

Now that we are engaged in this great conflict, there are many and great demands made upon us as individuals and as a school. Never have the students of Rome Free Academy fallen short in their devotion to their school or to the needs of their country.

Every student feels an added obligation in such a crisis as the one we are experiencing at this very hour. When the second Liberty Loan was floated the students responded to such an extent that two one hundred dollar registered bonds were purchased and presented to the school as a gift from the student body. Futhermore, when President Wilson issued his invitation to the school students of the nation to enroll in the Junior American Red Cross, the students again responded and a sum equal to twenty-five cents per student was raised. This was a sufficiently large sum to enroll every one now attending the school in that organization which is doing so much for suffering humanity in Europe.

This sum of money is used to purchase supplies needed for the work in our school only. Every evening the girls worked upon surgical dressings and refugee garments. The boys made toys and such articles as can be constructed in the manual training department.

Night after night the various rooms were busy places indeed. The different branches of work were under the supervision of four members of the faculty. Mrs. Banks has charge of the bandages and in this section of the work 3,108 head bandages, 334 abdominal and 361 ten-tail bandages were made. There were about 230 students working in this department, under the supervision of Miss Harp. Between 65 and 70 refugee garments were made. This list of articles contain baby clothes, booties, waists, capes and pinafores. In addition to this splendid record I find that busy fingers have been flying. Miss Angell reported to me that during the season 22 pairs of socks, 34 sweaters, 65 pairs of wristlets and 12 helmets were turned in to her department. Mr. Kircher has been busy with the boys in manual training and they have turned out an array of such gayly painted wooden soldiers as would bring joy to the heart of any poor castaway.

All this has been given by the students. They have given their time and money gladly, but in the giving they are learning to save. Already a sum of money aggregating very nearly a thousand dollars has been invested by the students individually in War Savings Certificates. This amount is rapidly increasing. I am writing this as a member of the student body and as a coworker in the splendid work the school is doing. If supplies could be obtained I know the work would go on ever increasing. As it is we are so in need of material that nearly all branches of the work has momentarily ceased. I hope that in the weeks to come that the supplies will be available and that we may again take up the work with renewed vigor. I am leaving R. F. A. and will not be able to take any part in this excellent work another year, but I leave this parting hope that Rome Free Academy may measure up to the new and greater responsibilities even as well as it has in the past. H. A. R.

THE SLINGERLAND PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

A large crowd attended the Fifteenth Annual Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest at the Academy Assembly Hall on Friday evening, March 15, 1918. This Slingerland contest is open to the third and fourth year boys and girls. A preliminary contest has to be held if there are over ten contestants. The prizes are two first ones, each being twenty dollars, one for boys and one for girls; and two second prizes of ten dollars. A preliminary contest had to be held this year for the girls, as there were fourteen who entered. The Class of 1918 is proud of the fact that all of the ten selected for the final contest were Seniors, which is something unusual.

The impression which Principal Harris said the audience and the judges would carry away withthem must have been very good, for never was there held such a splendid contest as the one this year. The whole affair showed the loyal spirit of the R. F. A. students. Many of them sold tickets and a large number were present; others ushered and gave out programs.

At the opening and throughout the evening selections were played by Wallis & Russell orchestra. Principal Harris introduced the speakers. Each one did splendidly and received hearty applause.

1 Fleurette . . . . . Service
Dorothy Eleanor Waldo
2 The Sign of the Cross . . . . . Barrett
Ruth Seymour Kingsley
3 The Winning of Katherine . . . . . McCarthy
Adelaide Mara Jones
4 The Last Leaf . . . . . O. Henry
Beatrice Louise Townsend
5 The Fleet Goes By . . . . . Simon
Lillian Adelaide Wood
6 England's Answer . . . . . George
Harold Arthur Rathbone
7 The Coward . . . . . Empey
William Rickard Scudder
8. Speech at Union Square, N. Y., 1861 . . . . . Baker
Harry Franklin Rice
9 Gunga Din . . . . . Kipling
Maurice Levine
10 Supposed Speech of John Adams . . . . . Webster
Carroll McCloskey Bates

After the last declamation the judges, Miss Maud and Losee, Ilion High School, Professor Calvin L. Lewis, Hamilton College, and Principal Edward C. Babcock of Utica Free Academy retired to make their decision. After considerable time they returned and Professor Calvin L. Lewis announced the result. He said that it had been very hard for the judges to come to a decision, as the contest was so close and every one deserved a prize. He then read the names of the winners:

First Prize, Girls . . . . . Lillian Adelaide Wood
Second Prize, Girls . . . . . Dorothy Eleanor Waldo
First Prize, Boys . . . . . Harry Franklin Rice
Second Prize, Boys . . . . . Carroll McClosky Bates

M. C., '18.

AIN'T WE CUTE

I LOVE THE LADIES

"HAT"

PALS

HERE WE ARE BOYS!

WE STUMP(F) YOU TO GUESS WHO IT IS

"MURRY"

IF JIMMIE COULD SEE HER NOW.

GIRLS' PROPHECY — CLASS OF 1918

Friends, in this year of our Lord, two thousand and eighteen, as you are gathered here together, in these the ruins of that building which once housed the proud students of the dear old R. F. A., to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the graduation from that institution of the marvellous and phenomenal Class of 1918, I, a member of that very class, have thought it fitting to rise from my grave and disclose to you a mighty secret.

As far back as the year 1932 I was serving in the great World War as an aviator in America's gigantic air fleet. The outcome of the war was still uncertain, and there was great impatience among the people of the nations allied again Germany over the inability of their armies to force a decision.

One day while I was glancing over the news in a paper which had been sent me from home, I saw an announcement which was concerned with a wonderful new invention by Thomas A. Edison, which Theodore Roosevelt, at that time President of the United States, was confident would bring the war to a speedy termination. The President, therefore, called on an aviator to volunteer his services as operator of this invention (the nature of which was withheld), but at the same time gave warning that whoever undertook the mission would have to face almost certain death.

Actuated by a strong desire to win favor in the eyes of our much esteemed President, and fired with a spirit of adventure, I determined to make every effort to gain this appointment. Accordingly I made all haste to return to America before anyone could forestall me. I crossed the Atlantic in my airplane and landed in Washington before three days had passed, whereupon I secured the commission with little difficulty.

When the formalities had been gone through with, the President took me into his confidence. He explained that it was his theory that the Kaiser was the very keystone of the stubborn tenacity exhibited by the enemy, and that once he was gotten rid of German resistance would collapse. As a result of a consultation, therefore, with Thomas A. Edison, in which he had set forth this theory, Edison had produced an invention which he believed would solve the problem. It was a bomb, apparently different in no respect from those I had so often used, but its interior mechanism was vastly more delicate. It was possible for this bomb to be "tuned" so that it would be attracted by the brain cells of the particular individual selected as a target. No two persons have brain cells that are exactly alike, and consequently the mechanism of this extraordinary bomb could be set in such a way that it would search out the person for whom it was intended, no matter where he might be hidding, and blow him into atoms, provided it was launched from an airplane within a radius of two or three miles of his vicinity. Certain eminent psychologists had made a careful study of the Kaiser's brain, and, by methods known only to themselves, had ascertained the exact number of cells making it up, and the nature of each individual cell. Under their supervision the mechanism of the bomb had been accurately set so that the Kaiser's brain would attract it like a magnet.

I wasted no time in preparing for my journey. Five days later I was back on the firing line, with the bomb in my possession, and equipped with an airplane made of a transparent material, causing it to be practically invisible a few thousand feet above the earth. I chose a dark, cloudy night to begin my flight, and the next day I was hovering over the city of Berlin. I seized the bomb and hurled it straight toward the heart of the city. Then I swung around

and, squeezing every ounce of speed possible out of my machine, shot away on my return journey. But imagine my chagrin when, a moment later, I heard the roar of a cannon, and a shell came screaming past only a few feet from me. I held my breath, fervently praying that it would not explode until it was safely past me — but in vain. When it was almost parallel with me, there was a deafening detonation, my machine tottered — and crashed to the earth.

I was instantly killed, and my spirit thus liberated witnessed the antics of the bom, which was just reaching the earth, and was darting through the crowded while the people fled in terror. There was no need of their retreating so precipitously, however, for it avoided anyone who unintentionally came within its path, and threaded its way carefully through the denest crowds. Finally it found the Arch Fiend for whom it was intended, who just then happened to be in a Ratskellar enjoying a quart mug of lager beer. It darted in at the open door and a moment later there was an explosion like a clap of thunder; the air was filled with flying fragments of bricks, iron, flesh and bones, and my mission was accomplished.

Then I beheld an astounding sight. The earth yawned at my feet, forming a deep crater, from which flames darted and smoke poured. Deep down within the crater a low rumbling was heard, which gradually grew louder and louder, until at last the Devil and his myriad legions leaped from its depths. Opposite me I beheld the Kaiser's ghost watching this scene with consternation. Toward this spector His Satanic Majesty now advanced, and prostrating himself before it, allowed his three-pronged sceptor, the symbol of his power, to be taken from his hand by one of his attendants and presented to the apparition of the Kaiser. Then, rising from the ground, the Devil humbly took a place among his former hosts in the capacity of "private" so to speak. Thereupon, with shouts and acclamations, the Kaiser was pushed into the abyss at the head of the ranks, which were swallowed up as suddenly as they had been vomited forth, and the jaws of the crater shut over them.

I breathed a sigh of relief, for I had confidently expected on of these devils to lock arms with me and carry me along with the crowd, consequently it was with unbounded delight that I saw a venerable old man, with a long white beard, and clad in a loose flowing robe, advancing toward me. He carried a gigantic key and by this sign I knew he could be none other than St. Peter. He greeted me cordially and explained that, although my sins had been manifold, and my name had already been placed on the books of fate among the list of the condemned, my past would now be entirely overlooked, and I would be admitted to the portals of heaven because of the great service I had just rendered the earth. He had come he said to conduct me to the celestial realms, but first, if I had any favor to ask, he would be only too glad to grant it.

I thanked him heartily and told him that I had a request to make if it would not be asking too much. I said that while serving as an aviator I had had the opportunity of coming in contact with the boys who had been my classmates in the R. F. A. — nearly all of whom (and they were not any too numerous) were engaged in some branch of the service — but that I had an insatiable longing to have one last glimpse of the faces of the pretty girls (and also the homely ones) who, I now believe, have been largely responsible for the lasting fame of the Class of 1918, the centennial of whose graduation you are celebrating here to-day.

He beamed his delight at the proposal and, grasping me by the hand, we floated through space until finally we alighted in one of the main thoroughfares of New York City. I looked about me, for the moment bewildered by the sudden change from the profound quiet of the upper atmosphere to the noise and bustle of these streets. Gradually, as my thoughts grew more collected, I began eagerly to scan the faces of the passing crowd to see if I could catch sight of any that were familiar. Then I experienced a queer sensation. I saw the face of a young woman whom I knew I had seen before, and who I instinctively felt had been one of my former classmates, yet, try as hard as I would, I couldn't remember the name.

With one consent we glided after the mysterious person, until she led us to a large and conspicuous hair-dressing parlor, and my problem was solved. Into one door there was filing a steady stream of red-haired people, and out of another door was issuing a no less steady stream of men with coal black hair and women with golden locks. Then I realized that, although the hair of the young woman we had been following was a glossy brown, nevertheless she was none other than Beatrice Townsend, the proprietress of this place, which was evidently doing a thriving business.

Then St. Peter again grasped my hand and, gliding swiftly along the street, we soon reached the office building of the New York Times, and, without waiting to enter at the door, floated through the walls into the office of the Editress-in-Chief, whom at first glance I knew to be none other than Marie Haas.

Leaving this busy Editress to her task, we floated swiftly through the clouds half way across the continent and alighting in the city of Milwaukee, not far from the home of "The beer that made Milwaukee famous" (as I lould tell by the very apparent odor of alcohol which filled the air), glided into a tent, where, before a large and attentive audience, containing quite a number of men with very suspiciously red noses, Hazel Lambert was expounding on the sinfulness of the liquor habit.

We stayed to hear what this zealous advocate of prohibition had to say, but, as the hours flew past, and there seemed to be no hope of her concluding her remarks, we left the city and passed over the green fields until we arrived at the door of a little country school house through which loud cries of distress greeted our ears. Within we found Bernice Martin soundly spanking an unruly pupil.

Our next pilgrimage was to quite a thriving city called New Jerusalem, where we entered a large, prosperous looking department store, announcing itself by a conspicuous electric sign as M. Levine & Co.

In the ante-room of the office the stenngraphers were grouped together, breathlessly discussing the handsomeness of their employer. Suddenly, however, they were sent scampering back to their typewriters by the entrance of a woman who wore an air of co-partnership in the firm, and I soon recognized in her one of my former classmates, Helen Evans.

We next visited an institution for teaching deaf mutes the gentle art of talking. We gathered from the conversation of some people just leaving this building that the wonderful instructress, who was in charge, could have the most hopeless mute talking fluently in a few short weeks. Floting through the walls we beheld Lulu House laboring patiently with her pupils.

From here we flew through the clouds and alighted in the streets of Chicago, before the scene of a recent accident. It had apparently rained very hard here a short time before our arrival, and a handsome limousine, driven by Margaret Wallis (the wife of a wealthy railroad magnate) had skidded on the

slippery streets and pinned Elsie Cas Baker beneath its wheels, severely injuring her. Miss Cas Baker's unconscious form was being borne, on a stretcher, to the waiting ambulance, driven by Bernice Van Arnam, while we glided after Margaret Wallis, who was being conducted by two policewomen, Ruth Evans and Mildred Morgan, to the police station, where the magistrate, Rose Peters, sentenced the offender to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for criminal neglect in not equipping her car with Weed Tire Chains.

Before I could recover from my astonishment at seeing so many familiar faces in so short an interval, my companion had transported me to Cambridge, Mass. and we descended before a house which I at once recognized as the home of my friend, Professor Rathbone, B. A., Ph. D., D. D., M. D., etc., instructor of English in Harvard College, whom I had often visited in his bachelor days, but had not seen for several years. On the veranda were Lillian Wood and Hilda Burkard having a confidential chat. The former was apparently perfectly at home, while the latter had merely come to make a call. I felt considerably ashamed of myself to be eavesdropping in such an underhanded way, but St. Peter seemed to think that we were privileged characters, so we advanced them. Miss Burkard was telling her hostess that she had only just read of her recent marriage in the papers, and, realizing that she had been one of her former classmates, had come to offer her congratulations. In reply to her hostess' inquiry Miss Burkard said "No, she was not married herself as yet, having searched the country high and low for a 'perfect man, and having so far completely failed." To which her hostess replied "That she might just as well discontinue her search at once, for she herself had already found and taken that man and Miss Burkard was too late."

I should have been disappointed if, in our wanderings, St. Peter had not taken me to the place where we now found ourselves. We were standing before the R. F. A. itself, and the sight of the familiar old building almost moved me to tears. We glided into an entirely new department of the school, which had been built into the basement, and there found Madonna Knowles, a salaried member of the faculty, whose duty it was to nurse back to health those poor unfortunates who had lost their minds struggling with their algebra and geometry.

We left the building and floated down the street pass the Rome Sentinel Office, in the window of which were three bulletins posted side by side, which arrested my attention, I stopped and read as follows:

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
WANTED	WANTED	WANTED
A middle aged man who will make an ideal husband. He must be handsome, well built and intelligent. Would prefer black hair and a dark complexion.	A middle aged man for a husband. Must be possessed of an average intelligence and present an acceptable appearance.	A HUSBAND
Apply at Sentinel Office	Apply at Sentinel Office	Apply at Sentinel Office

These bulletins had evidently been posted on three succeeding days, and whoever had done the posting had neglected to take down the bulletin of the day before. While I was enjoying this joke, I was delighted at seeing, for the first time in many years, a man whom I recognized as Mr. John O. Lundblad

advancing toward us. His attention was also arrested by these posters. He started in as I had with the first, and I observed a look of longing come over his face. When he reached the second one his look was more hopeful, and after reading the third he disappeared into the Sentinel Office, only to reappear a moment later carrying an address in his hand. He called a taxi and sped off up the street. We had not the slightest difficulty in maintaining the same speed as his car, and finally he came to a stop before a house, where, sitting on the porch with her knitting and wearing an anxious expression, I recognized one of my old classmates, Phyllis Mittenmaier.

That was my last glimpse of Rome until this very night. Our next visit was to the outskirts of Philadelphia. Here we glided into a mammoth Chautauqua ten packed to overflowing. Before this vast audience Gertrude Hyde, a revivalist whose fame was second only to that of Billy Sunday, was delivering an eloquent address. She was especially vehement on the subject of dancing, denouncing it in the most violent terms, and urging all who had ever been guilty of this sin to "hit the sawdust trail" and make a full confession. When she had finished speaking there was a moment of silence and then the penitents began to "hit the trail." Among them I recognized to my unbounded surprise Adelaide Jones, leaning on Dorothy Waldo for support. They grasped the revivalist's hand and I heard Miss Jones gasp through her sobs: "Miss H-Hyde, I pr-pr-promise never to g-go to another c-c-college ball."

We drifted farther on into the city and found hard at work in her office Alice Conley, Editress of the "Philadelphia Tattle Tale," a paper with a wide circulation devoted to the business of exposing all the family secrets of society people.

Then we launched into space once more and, dropping gently through the dome of the national capitol, alighted in the assembly hall of the House of Representatives. The House was in session and I was dumfounded at the vast majority of the women representatives over the men. Even what few men there were looked sickly and forlorn, and seemed to be taking no interest whatever in the proceedings. The speaker of the House, Catherine Brodock, was industriously engaged in chewing gum, while Blanche Hawkins, to whom she had given the floor, argued strongly in favor of the bill which had been placed before the House by Louise Hertel, providing for the disenfranchisement of the male sex. The men present made no protest whatever, but rather seemed to favor the idea of being deprived of the franchise as a means of release from their misery. The bill was voted upon and passed by an overwhelming majority. Among those voting for the measure were Representatives Gladys Gifford from California, Gladys Ingalls from Montana, and Helena Roth from Florida.

Leaving the scene in disgust we visited the studios of the Paramount Motion Picture Company, and there found Mabel Carroll acting as understudy to one of the most popular movie actresses of the day, Miss Sarah P. Stocking. In these same studios I caught sight of Harriet Adams, her face plastered with powder, rouge and paint, ready to take the part of a chorus girl in a big new production to be staged by that company.

From here we recrossed the Atlantic and alighted in one of the wards of a base hospital in France. We saw a little knot of convalescent Sammies all grouped around in a circle, apparently enjoying themselves very much. Curious to know the source of their pleasure I approached nearer the group. In the center of the circle was Ruth Kingsley, in nurse's garb, reading them the

latest copy of "Life." It was hard to tell whether it was the paper or the nurse that attracted them most.

It was with difficulty that St. Peter tore me away from this group, but having accomplished this, he told me to grasp his hand tightly, and on no account to let go, and we ascended to a stupendous height, until finally the pearly gates of heaven loomed up before us. Inserting his gigantic key in the lock St. Peter swung them open and we entered the threshhold.

What joys await all well-mannered people there, it is not for me to tell. Suffice it to say that all the members of the Class of 1918 are now sharing those joys, and it behooves all future classes to follow the splendid example they have set if they would not have their ranks divided hereafter.

C. M. B.

"Is that friend Black of yours honest?"

"Honest, why he wouldn't even skin a banana."

"He that wishes to rise with the sun should not stay up late with the daughter."

Average length of a man's arm — 30 inches.

Average circumference of a woman's waist — 30 inches.

How wonderful are thy works, Oh Nature!

Jack — Did you propose last night?

Art — Yes.

Jack — Did the old man kick you out of doors?

Art — No, he didn't wait till I got out doors.

Skidoo as you would be skidone by!

"Can you tell me anything about dogs?"

"Yes, fleas are!"

Rathbone to Rice — Say, do you know that Ruth Kingsley is the prettiest girl in our trig. class.

Class consists of five boys and one girl.

Miss McFarland in English History — What was the character of James I?

Powers — He was broad-minded in a way because he always looked after his own interests.

Bill Tietze, all excitement — Lots of excitement down to the hotel last night. A bell boy was stabbed in the eye with a hat pin.

Simon — How did it happen, through accident?

Tietz — No, through a key hole.

Rathbone speaking in Senior Class meeting about Senior sleighride: "We don't want loads cramed full of chaperones."

"Well, well, Rathbone, you had the right idea!"

Maurice Levine in Debate — This is written down in black and white in the unwritten constitution of England.

Rockwell (in a worried tone) talking to Roberts — I wish you would apply that formula.

Roberts — I wish you would keep your mouth shut.

Mr. Roberts in Trig. Class — This is a great country we live in; full of mountains, valleys and bluffs.

BOYS' PROPHECY

One evening in the early spring of 1935, as I was waiting to cross one of the busy corners in Washington, D. C., I heard a newsboy's excited cry: "Speaker Rathbone's Farewell Address to Congress."

The newsboy's pile soon diminished as everyone was anxious to read the latest speech of this prominent orator. After reading it myself I felt more than ever the desire to talk with him and to see if he would recognize his former classmate.

The next afternoon found me presenting my card to Mr. Rathbone's butler, in the hope that he might have a few moments to talk with me.

I was ushered into the library, probably the place where he had prepared some of those splendid speeches. It was not long until a man appeared in the doorway. It was hard to believe that this man was the speaker of the House, for his suit was all dusty, and in his arms he carried a large pile of worn faded books, which he dropped in a heap on the table to greet me. "Well, if this isn't a coincident," said he, "I'm making preparations for my summer vacation which is to be spent in my old home Rome." I hauled down some of these old favorites — Coopers, you know, and what else should I find among them but our old R. F. A. Annual.

As he slowly turned the pages of the book a broad smile overspread his face. I was not quite sure whether he was looking at the boys' pictures or the girls'. I ventured to interrupt his meditations with the remark: "I see you are still defending Democracy."

"Yes, and I often think how much I owe to that little place where I got my start, and do you know I have received no honor since that has meant more to me than that of being President of my graduating class at R. F. A. There were only about a dozen boys in the class, but they were a fine lot. I know each one is making a success of his life. Remember Bates, who used to sit in the front seat? No doubt he's hooked something by this time. If he has changed since as much as he did his last year in R. F. A. he has a harem by this time.

"Ah, here's a picture of Rice; shame he didn't go into politics with his ability to speak. But I understand he has won success as president of a well known book concern. The editing of this Annual undoubtedly gave him his start. And perhaps you'd be interested to know that Ward Tyler, who won fame during the great war as camouflage artist, is now abroad making sketches for a book on reconstruction work in France, which Rice is to publish. I obtained this information through correspondence with one of our old classmates, whom I have not yet persuaded to say she **Wood."**

Here the subject was changed rather abruptly, and realizing the value of this man's time I left.

A few days later Mr. Rathbone alighted from a train and gazed for some time at the many large buildings which loomed up around the Rome station. "Well!, well, my summer won't be as peaceful and quiet as I had expected if this is a sample of the change Rome has undergone."

Rathbone still had the idea that he must board a belt line car, but of the many cars that passed him none bore the old sign. He inquired of a fat fellow, who stood on the corner puffing at a cigar, when the next belt line

car could be expected. ""O, ho!" laughed the fellow. "Pears to me you haven't been to Rome in some time. Don't you know what a time we had with our street car system?" Rathbone felt that he must be polite even if he was in a hurry, so gave a negative answer. "Well, to begin at the beginning, the fellow that made the change went to school with me. Tietz was his name — a little fellow, but brainy." At this remark Rathbone became interested in both the speaker and what he was saying.

The fellow talked on without removing his cigar. "It was this way. He won all the influencial people on his side and pushed his scheme through, and the town has been growing ever since. Tietz is one of the biggest men in Rome, and the best part of him is that he didn't forget his old friends. Why, he started me up in a business which runs opposition to his."

Rathbone, with an unsurpressed grin, said: "Well, Alexander, what is your business?" A hearty handshake followed the revelation of identity, and Mr. Alexander Simon, head of the Rome Taxi Service, proudly drove his friend in his Packard to his destination on West Bloomfield St. and noiselessly glided away.

That evening Mr. Rathbone was delighted to hear further news of the members of his class. A number had answered their country's call during the great war. Merritt Bradt had won honor as an aviator, having brought down the largest number of German aeroplanes. Lieutenant Levine also rendered invaluable service to his country and is now one of the proud possessors of a piece of the Kaiser's shirt.

Harold Evans is in the employ of the English government as aerial traffic cop.

Willard Racha possesses the largest estate in Central New York and is writing extensively in nature subjects.

The evening paper brought news of a great wrestling match in which Frank Lederfiend had won the world's championship from a husky Australian.

Their attention was turned from this thrilling news to an advertisement of the Bates Private School and plans were made to visit it.

This visit was enjoyable. Bates had built up quite an institution and his family was lovely. The oldest girl was named Ruth. The instructor of mathematics was Earl Scothon. To see him calmly conducting a class, it would be hard to believe that he was the chief engineer for the construction of the Transatlantic Bridge.

I learned all about Rathbone's visit from Lillian, who also told me that she was soon to live in Washington, and I surmised that she had finally said she **Wood.**

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never!" was his comment,
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

In solid geometry, after physical exercise, Prof. Roberts slaps his abdomen and explains: "I'm getting fatter every day with only 13 meals a week."

Bradt — It's beer, Prof. It's beer.

Prof. Schermerhorn in Physics — Golly, tell me what is the unit of power?

Golly (suddenly waking up) — The what, sir?"

Prof. — Quite right.

Recruiting Officer — So you wish to join our organization? Have you had any military experience?

Count Simon — Yes, indeed. I've worn a wrist watch for years!"

FOOTBALL
M Knowles

Courtesy of Utica Saturday Globe

FOOT BALL ANNALS OF 1917

History tells us in glowing words that football has always occupied a prominent and successful pedestal in the athletics of Rome Free Academy. We are awed and thrilled by the splendid and glorious tales of the football teams which represented R. F. A. in days long before our time. It is an established and unanimously conceded fact that wher'er scholastic football flourished, there the worthy representatives of Rome Free Academy, carrying the honor and prestige of the Orange and Black into strange and foreign fields, were found to be truly and courageously representative of that grand and noble institution of learning and knowledge.

Another football season has come and gone, that of the year of nineteen hundred and seventeen. Once again the brave warriors of R. F. A., clad in their khaki suits of armor, have gone forth to battle. Once again we have heard and seen the terrific clash and commingling of youthful flesh and muscle; again experienced the delightful quiver of thrilled and feverish excitement as we gazed upon the mighty struggle of the gridiron and witnessed our boys fighting for the honor of the school and themselves. What were the achievements of the football team of 1917? We ask ourselves that question when we attempt to chronicle the record of the past year. Did they do as their predecessors have done, valiantly carrying the honor and glory of the school before them in all their efforts? It is a sacred and time-honored pledge of every aspirant to football laurels to remember at all times and under all circumstances that to preserve the spotless and stainless dignity and respect of the school is far more precious than victory gained by unsportsmanlike tactics. In this much, when we glance back over the record of the 1917 football team, we can well and truly say, without fear of contradiction, that the high standard of sportsmanship and gentlemanly character typifying all R. F. A. teams was paralled by the husky young lads who bore the banner of the Orange and Black during the season of 1917.

Before we simmer our ponderances to a hard-headed review of facts, let us consider the circumstances under which the team fought. One strangely peculiar element which stands out with unexplainable and mysterious power is the predominance of what might be termed hard luck as one of the biggest factors which the boys had to combat with. The term hard luck is often applied to many things as an excuse for their failure, but there are times when the appliance of this self-explanatory combination of antonyms fits the case in hand. Injuries of serious nature occurred with startling and depressing frequency from the beginning of preliminary practice even unto the final game of the season. Three of the squad's mainstays received injuries early in the season which made it impossible for them to participate in the season's battles. Captain Howard Spellicy, about whom as a nucleus it was planned to build the team, was seriously hurt in the first practices, and as a result was confined to his home and away from the football field for the remainder of the year. However, the loss of their chieftain did not daunt the worthy warriors. Pitted against foes far superior in weight and experience, and losing games by small margins when victory seemed almost within reach, they played a splendid game throughout the season.

To be brief, R. F. A. won one game and lost six. Tom H. Barnard was manager and Howard Spellicy captain of the team. In the captain's unfortunate and handicapping absence, Manager Barnard steered the ship through stormy and troublous waters. Prof. Walter L. Peterson, physical instructor in the Academy, and Alvin C. Banks, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., were the coaches throughout the season, and to them much credit is due for their able and conscientious work.

R. F. A. unofficially opened its 1917 season on September 29, having as its opponents the Peerless A. C. eleven, composed of former star s and alumni. The Peerless team, materially aided by their superiority in weight and experience, won by a score of 7 to 0, although the lighter and faster team put up a splendid game.

The first regular game was played on October 20 against the heavy Syracuse Technical High School team, which was won by Tech by a score of 13 to 0. The work of the Rome line was wonderful, which the battering aggressiveness of the backfield gained many yards. Time and again Rome had the ball within the shadow of the goal posts, but the vulnerable human wall of defense which separated them from the coveted line proved impenetrable.

Playing one of the greatest games of the season, R. F. A. slammed through the Morrisville Agriculture School eleven for their first and only victory of the year on October 27, winning by the comfortable score of 20 to 6. The line bucking and field running of the Rome backfield, made possible by the dashing work of the Orange and Black line, enabled the Romans to grab an easy victory.

The champion Syracuse North High School team came to Rome on November 3 and defeated R. F. A. by a score of 13 to 0. Rome can well feel proud of their playing in this game. North High certainly had a wonderful team in 1917, and defeated some of the largest and best schools in this section of the state by overwhelming scores.

On the 10th of November R. F. A. traveled to Syracuse, where they played the Syracuse Central High School team and lost by a score of 14 to 0. Syracuse greatly outweighed the Orange and Black, but they were forced to play to their limit to beat the boys from Rome.

As a practice game before the big U. F. A. struggle on Thanksgiving Day, R. F. A. again played the Peerless A. C., this time losing by a score of 9 to 0 in a clear, well-fought battle.

The day of the big game, Thanksgiving, dawned clear and cold. The scene of the classic struggle was the Utica gridiron, which was covered with several inches of slippery snow. Again, the same old season story of weight and experience bespoke the outcome of the great conflict. U. F. A. was victorious by a score of 38 to 0. The Romans held effectively during the earlier periods of the game, but weakening toward the end, Utica was enabled to amass the total which it did. It was in this game that Merritt Bradt, one of the most reliable and consistent members of the R. F. A. team, shattered his collar bone and was rushed from the field in a semi-conscious condition. Thus, even to the end, the old jinx or Jonah was with the boys, and Bradt was the player selected to suffer long after football had become a mere memory.

As we review the writings in our journal, we are glad to say that, although

not successful in winning the majority of their games, R. F. A. had a good, clean, fighting team; a team with the do or die spirit, and we are pursuaded by our admiration for their work to overlook the numerical outcome of the games and judge the opposing teams from their style and type of play. We rest from our weary labors entirely and wholly satisfied that R. F. A. was well represented in 1917, and now look eagerly to the future when the team of 1917 shall have become the team of 1918.

Before we conclude, it would be well to give the names of the "R" men of 1917, and we are proud to say that the boys who now wear the coveted emblem of the school on their chests are the following:

Tom H. Barnard, quarter back; Thomas Byrnes, half back; Frank Wallis, full back; William Gage, half back; Martin Marriott, Charles Powers, Carroll Wilkes, ends; Merritt Bradt, Alton Smith, Edward Wolff, tackles; Hamilton Bradley, Lynn Eggan, guards; Stanley Ott, center. F. J. L.'17.

Oh, she sat by the sewer,
And by the sewer she died;
So at the coroner's inquest
They called it sewer-side!

"Why the tears?"
"These aren't regular tears."
"What are they?"
"Volunteers."

We mortals have to swat and shoo
The flies from dawn to dark,
Cause Noah didn't swat the two
That roosted in the Ark.

He — Are you a Daughter of the American Revolution?

She — Sir! Don't you dare call me a war baby.

Gertrude, if you must knock, give yourself a few raps!

Know thyself, but don't tell anybody!

For you and I are past our dancing days. Miss Seely and Mr. Schermerhorn!

Don't be a clam. Better be a mud turtle and have some snap to you.

The more you wait for something to turn up, the more liable you are to get turned down.

Quite Apropos

Grace Howard in German translation — Uncle does not carry me now, for I have become too heavy for him.

Adelaide Jones in English Class

Miss Seeley — And what happened next, Miss Jones.

Miss Jones — The Spirit introduces the children to their father and mother.

In English IV

Miss Seeley — Some of you people are three-handed. You have a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind hand.

Harris — All farm cadets who have served 30 days please report to the office before leaving.

Sammie on the way to France — Next time I go across I'm going to take a novel called "To Have and to Hold" and read it after meals.

Peterson in physical exercises — Lunge left forward with both knees on the floor.

Jack — That student from Cuba is always knocking.

Jim — Regular Havana wrapper, eh?

MEMORIAL PROGRAM AT R. F. A.

The annual Memorial Day exercises of the Rome Free Academy were held May 29, 1918. Every year the faculty and students arrange the program and invite the public to attend the exercises.

There was a very large attendance and the guests of honor were a delegation from Skillin Post, No. 47, G. A. R., and Sergeant W. B. Owens, Corporal Lyle J. Howland of the army and Ben Beach of the navy, former students of R. F. A. It was very impressive as the members of the G. A. R. followed by the three former R. F. A. students marched upon the platform. The veterans occupied one side, while the heroes of to-day sat on the opposite side of the stage.

The sides of the assembly hall were banked with ferns, and the front of the stage was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers. At one end of the stage there was a framed picture of Henry Harrison Cummings, who went down with the transport Antilles, surrounded with the flag of the Allies.

The exercises opend at 2 o'clock with a very pleasing program. The first number was a medley of patriotic selections by the R. F. A. orchestra. This was followed by "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," given by William Vincent Toomey. The next was a declamation by Harry Franklin Rice, "Speech at Union Square, N. Y., 1861" (Baker). Three Civil War songs were then sung by the school: (a) "Battle Cry of Freedom," (b) "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," (c) "Maryland, My Maryland." Continuing the speaking part of the program, Maurice Levine gave Kipling's "Gunga Din" and Miss Dorothy Waldo recited "Fleurette" (Service). Three songs of the present war were sung: (a) "Keep the Home Fires Burning," (b) "We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall," (c) "It's a Long Way to Berlin."

At this time the class memorial, a handsome service flag, was presented to the school by the Class of 1918. It was unfurled and hoisted on the wall at the rear of the platform. The presentation speech was made by Harold Rathbone, our class President. Mr. Harris read the honor roll containing 150 names of former students of Rome Free Academy who have joined the colors. The service flag had the figures 150 on it, with one gold star for Henry H. Cummings and two red crosses for Miss Agnes Dooley and Miss Myra Miriam Ringrose, nurses in the service.

A former member of the Rome Free Academy, Henry Harrison Cummings, made the supreme sacrifice for Democracy. He lost his life when the transport Antilles was torpedoed. A tribute was paid to his memory by Ruth Seymour Kingsley, who recited the following poem:

"Oh, happy boy, you have not lost your years,
You lived them through and through in these brief days
When you stood facing death. **They are not lost:**
They rushed together as the waters rush
From many sources; you had all in one.

You filled your little cup with experience
And drank the golden foam, and left the dregs,
And tossed the cup away. Why should we mourn
Your happiness? You burned clear flame, while he
Who treads the endless march of dusty years
Grows blind and chocked with dust before he dies,
And dying goes back to the primal dust
And has not lived so long in those long years
As you in your few, vibrant golden months
When like a spendthrift you gave all you were."

Stoddard M. Stevens accepted the flag on behalf of the Academy. He said, "Typical of unselfishness and of humanity, the red and the white of our loved flag are the colors of the Red Cross, and the blue typifies the idea of equal opportunity for all."

"And when this great world-war is over,
When the nations have buried their dead,
When all Europe, wounded and bleeding,
Is seeking assistance and bread,
She will turn to this land of our Fathers
And, by God's grace, here ever shall see
As now, in this time of disaster,
This flag — of the brave and the free."

The flag will occupy a prominent place on the walls of the Study Hall, among the many memorials of former classes. Nothing more appropriate could have been given this year. The number on the flag, 150, has been increased since the flag was ordered, but it will be corrected from time to time as our representatives increase.

The formal exercises were closed by the students rising and giving the salute to the flag.

The students then went through their physical training exercises and the R. F. A. cadets gave an exhibition drill on W. Court Street, under the direction of Captain Barnard.

At the close of the drill, the service flag was hoisted in front of the school building. The cadets stood at attention underneath it and the students were grouped on either side while a photograph was taken. So ended the Memorial Day exercises at R. F. A.

M. L. W., '18.

A brick sailed through the R. F. A. window.

"Ah ha. Our issue of the Annual was a success," murmured the editor.

Roberts — Mr. Bradley, I want you to explain the theory to me.

Bradley — I'm sorry, Professor, but I couldn't quite understand that myself.

Mabel — Let's start a secret society.

Harriett — All right, I heard a lot of secrets this afternoon.

"Oh, Henry, you're always getting twisted. Here I send you for crackers and you bring back pretzels."

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears."

"She must have been boiling over with rage," interrupted the uninteresting listener.

To Our Flag — May it soon teach the Germans to see Stars and to feel Stripes.

LAST DAY

Could we ever forget June 14th, classmates? No! Do you readers know that that memorable day was our last in good old R. F. A.? It was hard for us to realize this sad thought, but we tried our best to be gay. Weren't we gay though all day long?

As the nine o'clock bell rang, the Senior girls and boys, with dolls and carriages and express carts, marched around the Study Hall, every one with a sucker. The girls arrayed themselves on the boys' side and visa-versa.

With the opening of the afternoon session appeared Harry F. Rice impersonating Principal Harris. One could hardly tell the difference twix Mr. Harris and our noble Senior. Those little personal qualities, which we all know so well, had been well studied out and were received by the students with great applause. But wait, what is he saying? A speaker? Mike Bowlegs, sole survivor of the Hogan Alley Regiment. He must have had wonderful experiences? Ah, here comes Superintendent Staley with the Speaker. Is that Mr. Staley? No, I do believe that is Harold Rathbone. One could hardly tell the difference. I never knew they resembled each other so closely. Mr. Harris, after greeting Major Bowlegs, presented Mr. Staley, who gave an interesting outline of Major Bowleg's life.

Mr. Bowlegs was all that one could imagine. He succeeded in making the most solemn of our school laugh until tears appeared. He certainly pictured his adventures very plainly. None other than William Tietz could have done this.

After showing how great was his appreciation for this great man, Mr. Harris announced that the performance would be continued at 3 o'clock.

At the set time the curtain arose on a country school room. Old fashioned desks and all. Ah, sure enough here comes the old schoolmaster up the aisle loaded down with books and an umbrella. After putting the room in order he rang a huge bell out the door, to call the pupils to class. One by one they come, tomboys, sissies, freckled kids, sunburned and all sorts and varieties.

Again there is a resemblance of Harold Rathbone in that schoolmaster. Yes, 'tis he. On the last day school No. 21 always has exercises and a Christmas tree. Such was the program. Such good songs; the visitors and students had never heard better. How appropriate each little gift was! Not a person was left out. The exercises were closed with the master's benediction.

As the last sound of laughter died away and the schoolmaster closed the school, the audience shared each other's feelings that Class '18 certainly would be remembered as the best class that R. F. A. ever produced.

"Did she come to the door when you serenaded her with your mandolin?"

"No, but another fellow came along and brought her out with an auto horn."

Tommie — You said you would meet me and didn't.

Marion — Why don't you know I'm observing meetless days.

Kernel — Did you bury all the dead as I ordered this morning?

Privit — Yes, sir, but we had a little trouble with one of them.

Kernel — What?

Privit — Why, one of them raised up on his elbow and said he wasn't dead, but then he was one of them d——d Germans, and you can never believe anything they say, so we buried him anyway.

Discovered 1926 Weather—It might be worse Incorporated 1942

"The Squealer"

Entered at Rome Post Office as First Class Hot Air.

Published Every Time We Feel Funny.

Volume 8 Pay When You Feel Like It Rome, N. Y

QUESTION COLUMN

Editor of Squealer:

I have a nickel (1883) without the word "cents"; a cushion tire of 1891; a piece of the toe nail of the oldest living Egyptian mummy; a hunk of cold lava from Mount Vesuvius, and a wooden nutmeg made from wood of Queen Elizabeth's coronation chair. What should I be able to trade them for?

G. Alexander Simon
Ex-Count.

Answer — Don't do anything until you see us. We have a hole from a doughnut fried in Greece three years before Nero killed his mother-in-law; very rare indeed but in perfect condition. A potato bug that claims to have lived sixteen years on a petal of the original last rose of summer; the shell from an egg which Columbus broke at the Court of Spain, and a red ball of a Roman candle used by Julius Caesar. State plainly on what train you are coming and we will do our best to have a moving van with a portable what-not ready to meet you.

Dear Editor of The Squealer:

What was done with the apple which William Tell shot from his son's head? Kindly send answer at once as I wish to use it as evidence against the crime committed by Baron Sibeliowitz, brother to the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Desperate.

Answer — It was planted in the shore of the Dead Sea and now the orchard which sprung from it yields the owner $10,000,000 per annum. Here's good luck in your case.

Editor Beauty Dept.:

What can I do to have nice fluffy curly hair like other girls have? I've tried everything but cannot seem to improve it.

Waiting,
Harold.

Answer — Pull each hair out by the roots, as each one has to be treated separately to get the desired results. Make a thin paste of the following ingredients and soak each hair for a few weeks:

Four ounces essence of spruce gum, eight pounds of lamp black, four tubs of rubber soup. The next thing to do is curl each hair separately, and then put them back in their same places and tie each with a short piece of masons' string. The above treatment will make you have wonderful locks, and in order to keep them so massage your head every night with a little paris green.

Dear Editor:

I am very unfortunate in having a flat nose. Can you suggest a remedy?

Anxious,
Adeline.

Answer — Many pugnoses like yourself have overcome that deformity by the following treatment:

Punch a hole in the end of nose; through this tie one end of a pulley cord. Tie other end to your bed post and jump out of your bed room window. A few sand bags fastened around your waist would help in your case.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Prof. Harold A. Rathbone, D. D., B. S., are observing their 14th wedding anniversary this morning.

Merritt Bradt and Thomas Byrnes motored to Utica this afternoon, where they expect to spend the week-end, returning some time to-morrow.

A brick shower was given Miss Hazel Lambert last P. M. in honor of her approaching marriage to Mr. Smith, who is expected home on a furlough soon.

Mr. Alexander Simon, W. Embargo St., wishes The Squealer to announce that he is overhauling his Maxwell this week, but will be out in a day or two.

It is rumored that Miss Higham and Miss Seeley have rented a cottage on Lake Delta, where they will hold Jazz dances every Monday and also every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights till 2 A. M. for intimate friends. Miss Seeley on next Thursday will give an interpretive dance. No roughnecks allowed.

Earl Scothon, while making a collection of 12-leaf clovers in his backyard yesterday, discovered what appeared to be a gas cement, three quarts cuspidor bomb. He has sent it to the gas department for investigation. It's probable hot air, however.

AMUSEMENTS

STAR TO-NIGHT

Positively your last chance to see Mme. Dorothy Waldo in the biggest production yet attempted — 8 reels.

"Why Gerard Left Home"

All Star Cast

$5 to all. No war tacks; you get them on the seats

CARROLL TO-NIGHT

The home of great productions.

Under the management of Mabel Carroll

Keith Vaudivill

Wallis & Jones
Aerial Artists

Simon & Tietz
Original Humbug Magicians

Mmle. Kingsley in
A Few Original Carols

Rivals to Chaplin
Rice & Bradt in
"Ten Days in Sing-Sing"

INVENTIONS

A preparation which we guarantee to make the rottenest limburger easily palatable and delicious.

You must pledge yourself to secrecy.

Ruth Evans.
Chief Chemist of the Garbage Conservation of Swiss Government.

A looking glass, though invisible to others, enables one to watch one's every movement. Aids in application of ajer kiss.

Miss Boyson,
Mm. Cavelerie's Double,
Winter Garden.

BLUFF

Why do the giddiest sign-boards
Hang on the stupidest places?
Why does abysmal heart sadness
Lurk behind smilingest faces?
Why does the grandest cover
Compass the prosiest book?
Why does the frothiest frosting
Cover the crime of the cook?
Why does the great game of bluffing
Camouflage life far and wide?
God knows whether anything ever
Will be what it looked like outside.

Du You Have Truble With Your Spelling — If So, Sea Me

While at schule I wun ateen meddles for excelence in this branch of edducashun. I have not mispeled a word for sixten yers. My methud is a simpel one. Ask to se my latest and last bok, entitled

"Padgetts Peerleas Speller"
ANTONY TEXAS PADGITT

Chief Managers
Fraus Carroll und Townsend

Fussers' Club

Headquarters, Shelley's Grove
Colors — Rouge and Flesh
Motto — On to the Dam or **bust**

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Treasurer.....Madison Jackson

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Lillian Wood
Elsie Davis
Winifred Barr
Adalaide Jones
Margaret Wallis
Ruth Evans
Elsworth Rockwell
Thomas Puttock
Merritt Bradt
Donald Barnard
Harry Rice
Vincent Raffauf

Alumni

Winifred Rowland
Marie Raffauf

Two men came out of a department store the other day. One was Scotch and the other hadn't bought anything, either.

Si — My boy, Hiram, is a pretty good French student; look at all them Parisiennes he reads.

AND THE BAND PLAYED ANNIE LAURIE

"I say, son, where is the Boston Store?"

Dillingham — While your mode of address, sir, warrants of vulgar, not to say undue familiarity, you shall have the information you seek. You can no doubt observe yonder a rather tall structure of rennaissance architecture, and directly opposite that very beautiful bank of white marble. Well, the building you desire is immediately contiguous.

Miss MacFarland in American History — You will remember that you began your Tariff outline back in 1833.

Mr. Harris, after giving the students a lecture on gum-chewing, walked down the aisle and expounded the following to Kingsley:

"Kingsley, if you could see yourself chewing gum in public you would cut it out. You look like a billy-goat chewing the tail end of a tin can."

Prof. Roberts in Trig. — Rathbone, how did you derive formula No. 61.

Rathbone — I didn't derive it. Pythagerenous did that.

Ruth Evans (telling a story in oral English) — About 4 or 5 years ago girls and myself had an occasion to ride on a street car about 2 years ago ——

May 11 — Prof. Harris seen in Sellicks! Ye Gods! !

Prof. Harris talking to Seniors about commencement tickets: "You know there will have to be a certain number of seats reserved for the Board of Education, the Mayor and the Scommon Scoundrels.

What They Dreamed

M. Carroll — That she got to school on time.

G. Hyde — That she had lockjaw and couldn't talk.

P. Mittenmaier — That she was a teachers' pet.

E. Gruver — That she wore two's.

G. Howard — That she lost one-sixteenth of a pound.

A. Jones — That she made a perfect recitation in Ancient History.

Peg Wallis — That she had a fresh stick of gum.

The Annual's Joke Editors — That they were clever! ! !

E. Kime — That she kept good time.

F. Boyson — That she was a lawyer.

Miss Harp — That Rome went dry! ! !

H. Crocker — That she stayed in French class one whole period.

Oh, Summer Girl, with flaxen hair,
Who seeks the bracing mountain air.
To swim or motor or canoe,
How oft my thoughts return to you!
I think of strolls beneath the moon,
Of shady nooks where lovers spoon;
These recollections come and—well,
Believe me, girl, this war is H —
(Sherman may have been old but he had the same idea)!

Hazel — When Max came last night he gave me a ring.

Marie — Oh, did he?

Hazel — Of course. How else would I have known he was at the door!

Honey — There is nothing to that girl except her figure.

Perc — Oh, I wouldn't say that. She can't tell an untruth.

Honey — Why not?

Perc — Figures don't lie!

Miss McFerran — What is a place where they dye cloth called?

Miss Morgen — A diary.

Guest — Noople soup, veal with tomato sauce, and a cream puff.

Waiter (who has been at the front) — Bowl of submarines, camouflage the calf, hurl me a custard grenade.

Miss MacFarland — Why did Caesar invade Briton?

T. Byrnes — In order to get a foothold to camp on.

The Jolly Tar

She used to sit upon his lap,
As happy as could be;
But now it makes her sea-sick —
He has water on the knee.

"What kept you awake last night?"

"Aw, I could hear the bed tick."

Jack (gallantly) — Marie, dear, anything that you say goes.

Marie (quickly) — Jack.

He — I'd like to take you to the theatre to-night, but the seats wouldn't be comfortable.

She — What makes you think so?

He — The government put tax on them.

Flea No. 1 — Been on a vacation?

Ditto No. 2 — No. been on a tramp!

"Can I rent you a fine camp near Lake Delta?"

"Not by a dam site."

The starving tramp pulled himself up to the door of the suburban home.

"Food," he gasped to a woman who answered the door.

The woman brought out a loaf of bread. "Take it," she said. "It is all there is in the house."

"Is it rye bread?" whispered the tramp.

"No, white bread," answered the woman.

"I cannot take it — 'tis wheatless day." And he died on the spot.

Patient — Doctor, why does a small cavity seem so large to the tongue?

Dentist — Just the natural tendency of the tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.

Hiram — Now, Cynthia, this article in the almanac proves that country people are much smarter than city folks.

Cynthia — How's that?

Hiram — It says as how the population in the cities are denser than in the country.

Adelaide — I see that you are affecting the new military style of hairdress.

Hazel — Is that so?

Adelaide — Yep. Bangs.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can strive to do our best;
And departing leave behind us
Note-books that will help the rest.

Honey — Gracious. Your mud guard is all smashed. Did you bump into something?

Harry — No. We were standing perfectly still and a fire hydrant skidded into us.

He — I'm half inclined to kiss you.

She — How stupid of me. I thought you were merely round-shouldered.

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship. "This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

Another Expense

Mrs. Spud (reading a letter from her son) — Bill's got a furlough and he's coming home for a few days.

Mr. Spud — Got a furlough, eh? Well, he needn't expect me to buy gasoline for the durned thing.

Little drops of water,
Poured into the milk,
Clothes the milkman's daughter
In lovely gowns of silk.

Speed

At the Battle of the Marne — Mein Gott, Fritz, can't you run a little faster?

Fritz — Shure, but there's a bullet going right ahead of me and I'm afraid of running into it.

Rene — Cosette, how would you like to have a pet monkey?

Cosette — Oh, Rene, mon cher. This ees so sudden.

Germany still insists on annexations. Let's give her hell.

She — Are late hours good for one?

He — No, but they're fine for two.

A Freshie was wrecked on a cannibal coast,
Where a cannibal king held sway;
And they served the freshies on slices of toast
On the eve of the following day.
But vengence of heaven followed swift on the act,
For e'er the next moon was seen,
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the Freshie was terribly green.

A crook was arrested and during the scuffle lost his hat.

"Say, officer, lemme git me hat, will yuh.'

"Now ain't you smart!. If you went after that hat you wouldn't come back. No. sir, you wait here, I'll get that hat."

To worry is foolish,
To succeed is well;
To try is success,
And to fail is — unpleasant.

He — How clean the ocean is.

She — Yes, very tide (y).

Whenever I hear a student
Read Latin as smooth as glass,
I know he uses a poney
And his father owns an ass.

Dreamy — Her face is queenly and her mouth is the mouth of a princess.

Hard Facts — Yes, even her teeth are crowned.

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF YVETTE THE YVERSATILE

It was a dull day, one of those days when you get up in the morning and kick your dog.

But Yvette did not care, she was on her way home. As she sat in the perfectly appointed day-coach, breathing, there came over her a feeling that before she got home she would have an adventure. She was always having them. Only the other day a man had winked at her on the street and the day before a dog had barked at her as she raised her petticoat to cross a mud-puddle.

She looked around the car. Across the isle a fat lady had lost her false teeth in an apple. In the seat behind her sat her sewing instructor. No adventure there. She turned back to her French noval and lanquidly read word after word, page after page, chapter after chapter.

Suddenly instinct told her that someone was looking at her. She thrilled from coiffure to French heel and back again. Her ears got red, her hair came down and she blew her nose self-consciously.

A few seats farther up the car, on the other side, looking at her, was a man! He was dressed in a rough tweed suit, and he was smiling. She took this in at a glance.

But why should he smile at her? She smiled back. Then he threw a banana at her. She retailiated with an orange. A flirtation, she thought. All at once the man rose and walked up the aisle and sat down behind her. A few minutes later he moved to the seat in front of her. A few minutes later he moved to the seat in front of her. Yvette could not resist the temptation and she hit him on the head with her book. At once he returned to his old seat. Presently he left the car, to return shortly with a box of sardines. Coming up to Yvette, he offered her one. Yvette could not refuse. She took the can and threw it out the window.

"Have you got a match?" the man asked her.

Heavens, what a sweet voice! she pondered. Her breast heaved.

"No," said Yvette coyly, "but will a toothpick do?"

With a sigh he turned away. She thought she had offended him.

Soon the clear hight note of the jail-bird was heard and Yvette knew that they had reached Auburn, her home town. Picking up her carpet bag she started out. Right in front of her was the young man. He had changed his tweed suit to a blue serge one. How handsome he was from behind.

Yvette leaned forward and touched his arm.

"Pardon me," she murmured, "but your neck is dirty."

"Don't mention it," the young man replied softly. "Your hat is on crooked."

How this man must love, she thought.

Then a street car coming along interrupted further conversation and Yvette climbed aboard. It was full of people, men, women and children, and she had to stand. She wondered if the young man had gotten out, too. Yes, there he was right beside her, in fact, standing on her foot.

"Excuse me," he said, "would you mind taking your foot from under mine?"

How considerate he was; such a perfect gentleman. Yvette knew that she could follow him through any cafe.

All too soon the car reached her destination and Yvette got out. So did the young man. Yvette went up on the front porch of her home. The young man still followed her. She fell more and more in love with him, and she slammed the door in his face.

"Sir," she cried, "I shall call my father."

"Please do," replied the young man. "I have here a laundry bill of yours that I would like to collect."

Somewhere in the house a pin fell to the floor with a dull thud. But as it was a safety-pin no one was alarmed. —Cornell Widow.

In his "Business English," Dr. Lewis gives a list of words commonly misused. The members of the class in fourth year English would like to ask him to add the word "funny" to this list. It is the word used almost exclusively in criticising our themes. Who can account for the reason that she must use "funny" when she means blundering, extraordinary, laughable, peculiar, astonishing, odd, discouraging, poor-from-a-fourth-year-view-point, badly expressed, incomprehensible, etc.

Rathbone — Say, Levine, did you know they had schools in the dark ages?

Levine — No, did they?

Rathbone — Yes, they had Knight schools!

Raffauf — Mr. Harris, my grandmother is dead and I must get off to go to the funeral match — I mean the baseball ceremonies — Oh —

Miss Seely — What is gender?

Nervous Pupil — Ah-h, let me see — why gender is that which shows ah— whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter!

I Wonder How They Would Look!

Miss Angell with a frown?

Miss Higham chewing gum?

Harold Rathbone smoking a cigarette?

Gertrude Hyde with her mouth closed?

Blanch Hawkins in a gym suit?

Honey Scudder graduating?

Bill Gage in a shower bath?

Prof. Harris without a mustache?

Ruth Kingsley if she ever flunked an exam?

Frederick Talman saying his prayers?

Amateur — I got hit once with a coward tomato.

Friend — What is a coward tomato?

Amateur — One that hits you and then runs!

Harold Rathbone translating in German Class — Nothing is more pleasant than to stroll through the woods and stroke the arm of a girl.

Correct Translation — Nothing is more pleasant than to stroll through the woods on the arm of a girl.

TWO STAFF MEMBERS WORKING LIKE --"60"

CAN YOU IMAGINE !!!

Rome Manufacturing Company

COPPER AND BRASS GOODS

ROME, N. Y.

Merritt Bradt gives an interesting business talk in oral English.

Miss Stocking criticising — I think Mr. Bradt's talk had a great deal of merit in it!

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RECIPROCITY, 10c

BLUE RIBBON, 5c

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WE INVITE YOUR YOUR INSPECTION

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Sports and Games

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Tommy — Dad, what is the first meal of the day?

Dad — Breakfast, of course.

Tommy — No, oatmeal!

COMPLIMENTS OF

SPARGO WIRE COMPANY

Manufacturers of

Bronze, Copper and Brass Wire Cloth

Copper, Bronze and Brass Wire

ROME, N. Y.

Can I rent a camp near Lake Delta?
Not by a dam site.

THE

Sample Shoe Shop

SAVES YOU FROM

$1.00 to $3.00

ON ANY PAIR OF SHOES

GET THE Sample Habit

COMPLIMENTS OF

BAYNES COAL CO.

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate on the deck, "is where our gallant Captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped on it myself."

COMPLIMENTS OF

Fort Stanwix Canning Co.

Wadda ya mean, camouflage?
Why, they're making the bottom of the cups rough, so you think you have sugar.

NOTICE!

To Fathers and Mothers

Every Photograph pertaining to School life of your Boy or Girl, will be more valuable to you and them in years to come than at present.

So get them now, while the getting is good. Ask

C. B. HOWLAND

About any you wish to know about.

UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO

COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY

SESSION OF 1918-1919

Preliminary Educational Requirement

Qualifying certificates may be issued on evidence of the satisfactory completion of a four-year course in an approved high school or its equivalent, or any Regents Academic Diploma. This course of instruction should include one year each—chemistry, physics and biology,

Course of Instruction

The course in dentistry is one of four years. The first and second years are devoted to the fundamental studies of medicine and dental technic, while in the third and fourth years, the greater part of the time is spent in the general practice of dentistry. There are more patients applying for treatment than can be accommodated, which gives a student a rare opportunity to become familiar with all classes of dental operations.

There are only fifty thousand dentists to one hundred and fifteen million of inhabitants in America alone. Therefore, the profession is not in any sense crowded.

Opportunities

The general practice of dentistry. Oral Surgery. Orthodontia.
The Navy. The Army.
The Lecture Platform of the State Boards of Health.
The free dental clinics which are established in most every city and town in the United States.
Attending dentists to religious, charitable, industrial and penal institutions. Dental education.

FOR CATALOG, ADDRESS

DANIEL H. SQUIRE, D. D. S., Dean

25 Goodrich Street Buffalo, New York

Please mention this paper

We Ask You

If you don't feel just right,
If you can't sleep at night,
If you moan and sigh,
If your throat is dry,
If you can't smoke or drink,
If your grub tastes like ink,
If your heart doesn't beat,
If you've got cold feet,
If your head's in a whirl —
Why don't you marry the girl?

An Editor's Savings

An editor, who started about twenty years ago with only fifty-five cents, is now worth $100,000. His accumulation of this vast fortune is owing to his frugality, good habits, wonderful head for business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him $99,999.

COURTESY OF

A FRIEND

Mr. Roberts — Do you subtract the denominator from the numerator or the numerator from the denominator?

Rice — Yes.

Bill — Why is an American army like 2 x 50?

Sam — I'll bite.

Bill — Because it makes a Hundread.

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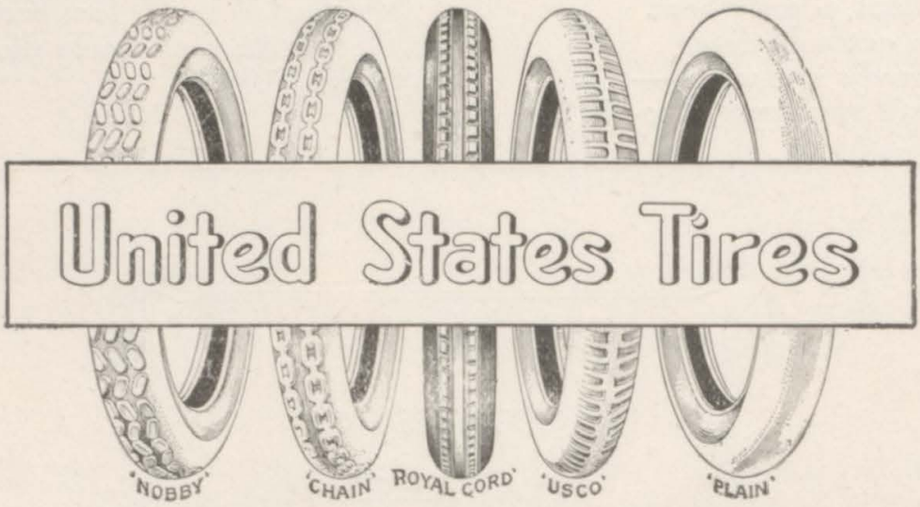

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